SEPETEMBER 1 — 7, 1979

RS 1.50

Eve's Weekly

O WOMEN
AVE ANY
ELF-ESTEEM?

THE ISI MARK:
What It Means
To You,
The Consumer

Super trackability!

The pick-up arm of HMV's new Supertrack 230—it offers advantages that no other can. Like tracking pressures between 0-6 gms. A magnetic cartridge fitted with a spherical diamond stylus to give true hi-fi sound. A thrust ball bearing and gimbal pivot mounting which ensure free lateral and vertical movement. A rotatable head-shell for easy, no-fuss replacement of the stylus. A spherical screw for delicate adjustment of cartridge overhang. Plus a hydraulic cue-and-pause system which floats the pick-up arm on to any part of the record to provide complete protection to both the record and the stylus.

The Supertrack 230 has a floating sub-chassis for the tone arm and the heavy turntable. It means practically total elimination of motor rumble and acoustic feedback even if you're using a high-powered amplifier. All you get is clear, unadulterated reproduction. The Supertrack motor has a precision-balanced rotor for minimum speed variation.

Like some of the best systems in the world, the Supertrack 230 stereo record player has a simple yet sophisticated mechanism. For perfect reproduction with minimum maintenance worries.

And its extraordinary 'within-reach' price of Rs 1027★ is something only HMV could make possible. Drop in at your HMV dealer's and hear the difference today.

★Max. rec. retail price incl. excise duty. Local taxes extra.

HMV presents the extraordinary

supertrack 230

The professional stereo player

Stereo Magnetic Cartridge with Diamond Stylus

Hydraulic Cue and Pause System

HMV **His Master's Voice**
The future is sound

GC 3355

RADHIKA®

INTRODUCES

The Hit Fabric of 1979

RL 8000

Radhika brings you the saree of your dreams, Polyester Chiffon RL 8000.

Radhika's range includes 100% Polyester American Georgette, Chiffon and Gaji Silk Sarees, in gorgeous prints and colours.

RADHIKA SILK MILLS

RATAN BATRA/RSM/E/11

Come Alive
with
NESCAFÉ®
Nestlé
NESCAFÉ
instant coffee
Made from finest pure coffee
Largest selling
instant coffee
in the world
the only instant coffee
made from 100% pure coffee

ANITA KULKARNI

Born in Bombay on October 14, 1961. An I.S.C. student from St. Joseph's Convent and a first year B.A. student of St. Xavier's College, Bombay. Subjects — economics, statistics and sociology. Represented school at inter-school elocution competitions and won a 1st prize in her age group. Very good at painting. Achieved grade A in both Elementary and Intermediate drawing examinations. Interested in swimming, squash and reading ing. Does modelling and fashion shows in her spare time. Would like to take up dress-designing after finishing college.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

VOL. XXXIII NO. 35 BOMBAY

CHAIRMAN & MG. DIRECTOR — J. K. SOMANI
PUBLISHER & CHIEF EXECUTIVE — J. C. JAIN
EDITOR — GULSHAN EWING
ASST. EDITOR — AMMU JOSEPH
CHIEF SUB-EDITOR — K. S. RAO
SUB EDITORS — CHAKRESH JAIN, ROSHAN BILLIMORIA, MALA VAISHNAV, SHERNA GANDHY
ADVT. MANAGER — D. N. CHOPRA
ART DIRECTOR — RUSI DORABJEE
DESIGNERS — NARGIS CHAWLA, VILOO PITHAWALA
STUDIO — FAROKH REPORTER
STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER — B. K. SANIL

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS: EVE'S WEEKLY LTD., BY J. C. JAIN
AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS, BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, FORT, BOMBAY 400 023.

CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.
TAPATI MOOKERJI
235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd., Calcutta-20.
S. J. KURUVILLA
163, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras-10.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Inland Rs. 85. Foreign Rs. 127 (Sea Mail)

THIS WEEK

WOMEN'S VIEW OF THEMSELVES

How do women compare with men on questions of self-acceptance and self-regard? Badly. On the whole, men display far more confidence in themselves and their abilities than women. And yet, in terms of actual performance, men do not do any better than women. What is behind this lack of self-esteem in women?
Page 10.

YOUTH IN ABSENTIA

Youth is supposed to be a time of carefree enjoyment of life's every pleasure. But is that what it really is for the majority of young people in India?
Page 17.

THE PAVEMENT CLUB

Membership is exclusive to the mini inhabitants of Bombay's pavements. A club to call their own, where they can play, learn, fight and be happy.
Page 19..

QUALITY CONTROL

The ISI Mark is a good step towards quality control, but unfortunately few consumers know what it is supposed to mean. A Consumer Awareness feature.
Page 48.

ALSO

Murdered In A Manhole: A gruesome and tragic story — **Page 13** Colour Feature: Mosaics in Glass — **Page 15** Woman in Focus: Sadhana Ghose — **Page 33** Film Interview: Dilip Kumar — **Page 43** Swimming in the Sea: Special Tips — **Page 51** Cookery Book Reviews — **Page 51.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Hiya Honey/**41**, Beauty**42**, Short Story/**23**, Fashion/**30**, Heart to Heart/**33**, Cookery/**34**, Young Viewpoint/**39**, Comics/**47**, True Confession/**52**, Frankly Speaking/**55**, People & Events/**56**, Horoscope/**58**.

New Charmis Vanishing Cream gives your complexion that flawless look. And it keeps make-up fresh for hours.

Complexion...flawless, fairer
New Charmis Vanishing Cream helps smoothe tiny skin blemishes. To give your complexion that flawless and fairer look even without using make-up.

Keeps make-up fresh
With make-up...Charmis Vanishing Cream does more. Its superfine texture holds powder, keeps make-up looking fresh for hours.

Make the most of your natural charm. Get New Charmis Vanishing Cream. And keep your complexion flawless and fairer day after day.

Charmis Vanishing Cream cares for your complexion as much as you do.

CVC.G.1.78

YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

WIFE-RAPING

Another blow for women's rights has been struck by the precedent-setting ruling of a judge in America, whereby a man can be prosecuted for raping his wife.

It is normally taken for granted that one important reason why men get married is for the satisfaction of their sexual desires. Till very recently, it was also assumed that women were second-rate citizens who existed merely to satisfy the whims of the lordly males. Therefore, the concept of marital rape was considered ridiculous. By his brave and bold action, the American judge has, hopefully, forced society to accept the fact that women, too, are people like men and not their slaves. They, too, have emotions. There are times when a woman wants to be left alone, when she is not in the mood for sex. She may be tired, depressed, ill or worried. It is well-known that men abstain from sex in such circumstances. Why should women not be allowed the same privilege?

Actually, it is at such times that a husband and wife can strengthen the bond between them by showing greater tenderness and affection to the afflicted partner. Isn't that, rather than an insistence on one's rights, what true love is about?

MRS. PUSHPALATHA KAMATH, Bombay

These judgements are pronounced and often reversed leaving the woman where she is: dissatisfied, frustrated and angry. To be fair, though, the judgements are eye-openers and make more and more men aware of the fact that women are not possessions, but thinking, feeling human beings.

2nd PRIZE

A SORDID TALE

'The poor are getting poorer' is a line we hear and read often — so often, that it has almost lost its relevance. However a recent incident set it out in sharp focus and left me shocked and, what is more, ashamed and guilty.

The other day, I found some sweets that, due to inadvertence on my part, had gone stale and slightly mildewed. Not wanting my servant to notice what I felt was wanton waste, I wrapped them up and dumped the bag into the kitchen waste-bin. Imagine my horror when I spied her later eating them! When I remonstrated with her, she maintained that they were still good enough for her and that the kitchen bin was not the road-side bin and, therefore, not filthy.

I was, however, left with my tortured thoughts. This woman works in five houses and yet is driven to such lengths because she is the sole bread-winner for a family of six. I have never known this to happen in my grandmother's or mother's time although they paid only a tenth of what I now do. Who, then, are the guilty and, more important, where lies the remedy?

LEELA RAMASWAMY
Bangalore

It is revolting and shocking but, above all, it is sad — sad that such a state of affairs should prevail thirty-two years after our Independence. It is no wonder, then, that we keep hearing that tired but true phrase, from the older generations: "those good, old days".

3rd PRIZE

HANG THEM!

It is a grotesque blot on our society that the dowry-murders of young wives and brides are increasing. There should be swift and drastic punishment for these greedy, cold-blooded killers.

I suggest a few points:

1. Any young wife being harassed by her in-laws over insufficient dowry should send an SOS card to a special police department. The Government should see that prompt investigation follows.

2. If the murder or so-called suicide of such a girl later follows, the husband and his family should not be lightly let off. All items of the dead girl's dowry should be confiscated. The husband should be dismissed from his job and never get another.

3. Even when no such complaint has been sent in by a desperate wife, all such deaths should be thoroughly investigated. The lie-detector would be useful in establishing guilt or innocence. If murder has been proved, and induced suicide is also murder, the killers, whether it be the husband or his mother or sisters, or all of them together, should be hanged. After all, they had no compunction in putting a helpless woman to painful death by fire.

If the present leniency towards these cruel monsters continues, more of them will be encouraged to operate on the premise that dead wives tell no tales and two dowries are better than one.

PARVATHI MENON, Kerala

We, too, feel angry enough to say: hang them! But, that cannot be a practical solution. There has to be awareness through the media, alertness on the part of all citizens and stringent action on the part of the police.

LOSING BATTLE?

I hold fast to the opinion that every step gained by woman, on the way to emancipation, has been won the hard way; someone, somewhere has put in a struggle for it, someone has paid a price. To now lose ground, therefore, would be a pity, indeed. I do not know how many would see the imposition of 'purdah' (even for working women) in Iran as a set-back and the loss of a hard-earned right. Doubtless many would, but others may look upon it as within the rights of a religious state.

Looked at from either way, it is a sad state of affairs when women lose even the right to protest or voice their indignation. Can women be stifled to such an extent that they are denied the right to express their difficulties; to agitate against what they feel is improper and unjust. Things are far from easy if you are a woman — this has become an accepted truism; must we now accept the fact that to be a woman is to be a loser?

D. KHAN, Hyderabad.

No, never! We cannot even afford to harbour such thoughts. Things may be difficult, the path thorny — but we'll make it, if we are steadfast and watchful.

DOUBLE-EDGED SWORD

The Amending Bill to The Hindu Marriage Act 1955, which is to incorporate, inter alia, the recommendation of the Law Commission to treat "irretrievable breakdown" of marriage as a valid ground for divorce, is most significant. In effect, it will mean more facile divorce. How will it affect women and children? Will it be a mixed blessing as far as they are concerned? For easier divorce will mean greater insecurity. And will Indian society spawn a tragic new class of insecure, frustrated, "divorced children" a la America, branded and punished for no fault of their own? There are no easy answers. Divorce is a two-edged sword, and one can only hope that Indian women will not unwittingly harm themselves while trying to extricate themselves from a marriage on the rocks.

INDU K. MALLAH, Tamil Nadu

Yes, this can work both ways — but we do believe that if a marriage is, indeed, untenable, then swift legal steps should be available to both the parties, particularly to the wife who is usually the sufferer.

INDIA'S ONLY DEODORANT SOAP AND TALC

The perfect partners, for double deodorant protection...a bath with Cinthol Soap and a sprinkling of Cinthol Talc... to take you to great heights of freshness.

CINTHOL by Godrej

Interpub/CTS/1/79

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

WOMEN ASTROLOGERS

In your issue of July 14, I saw an article on K. N. Saraswathi and her psychological approach to astrology in the Eve Today column. But K. N. Saraswathi is not the only woman authority on astrology. We have in Delhi another woman, also from South India, Mrs. Saraswathi Shankeranarayan, who is an outstanding authority on the subject. She is a very religious woman, who had her training under her grandfather. She is a highly principled lady and does not charge fees, throw her weight around or use bombastic language to impress her clientele.

JANAKI RAMACHANDRAN, New Delhi.

DEATH IS A REALITY

Yes, "Why not 'death' education?" (July 21)! Life exists in the ocean of death, and yet we have placed both in separate compartments. We avoid discussion of death as much as we would like to avoid death itself. If there is a death in the family, the children are promptly whisked away to relatives' houses, and in doing so we are closing their eyes to reality. Even grown-ups are encouraged to dismiss death as something that will happen in the very, very distant future. Buddha says "You too shall pass away, knowing this, how can you quarrel?" He used to send his disciples to the graveyard to meditate and become aware, because death-awareness fills the heart with love and compassion. Unless we become aware of the fact that we too shall be on the funeral pyre pretty soon, we will continue to be selfish, cruel, brutal, jealous, egoistic, ambitious etc. The yellow leaf, the withered flower, the death of an animal or a person (stranger or loved one) are all nature's ways of reminding the human race about the temporariness of everything.

JAYA CHOHAN, Secunderabad.

OLD VIEWS ON VIRGINITY

This is with reference to the article on your youth page, 'A virgin : to be or not to be' by Ritu Khanna (July 21). The views expressed by some of the boys were really disappointing. I thought educated boys could be expected to be more broad-minded. But when it comes to their own life and wife, these guys are no different from the common crowd. What right have these fellows to expect their wives to be virgins when they are not? And that idea expressed by Mr. Vijay: "Loving the idea of women being subjected to virginity tests", was frankly scandalising. I wonder how much he himself would have liked it if he was a girl! I hope at least in the future these guys will alter their outlook about women and modernise their views.

JAYANTHI, Secunderabad.

WIMBLEDON'S WOMEN STARS

I had read in the issue dated July 21, your notice asking readers to comment on your Sports column. After reading the article on the 1979 Wimbledon and its women stars in your issue of July 28, I thought I must write and congratulate you on the quality of the sports reporting in your magazine.

I am a fan of all sports, and a regular reader of all the sports magazines published in this country. But in none of them have I been able to get the wealth of detail that your columnist has been able to pack into his article on this year's Wimbledon.

Apart from this last, absolutely superb, special piece, the monthly round-up of women's sports in India and abroad makes absorbing reading. My only grouse is that the piece invariably appears after the 20th of the month, for events that have taken place in the previous month. Anyway, thank you for a generally interesting and stimulating magazine. A male chauvinist pig congratulates you!

E. P. M. GONSALVES, Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF SEPT. 8

POPPETS ON PARADE

While attention needs to be focussed on our deprived children during this International Year of the Child, we cannot ignore the happy ones. So from next week we publish photographs of cute children till the end of the month.

MUNICIPAL PRIMARY SCHOOLS

The right to education is one of the fundamental rights of a child. While some attempt is being made to provide free education to underprivileged children in municipal schools, why is it so poor?

DROPOUTS

Municipal schools in Bombay have a high rate of drop outs. Why?

SEX 'EDUCATION' IN FILMS

There has been a spurt of films peddling pornography in the name of sex education. And worse, they reinforce old, long-disproved myths about sex and the sexual roles of men and women.

Plus all our regular features.

WANTED: Self-confidence

IN A MAJORITY OF SITUATIONS, MEN AND BOYS DISPLAY GREATER CONFIDENCE IN MEETING THE CHALLENGE OF ANY TASK THAN WOMEN AND GIRLS. YET, IT HAS BEEN FOUND THAT IN ACTUAL PERFORMANCE, MEN DO NOT DO ANY BETTER THAN WOMEN. WHY THEN DO WOMEN LACK THE CONFIDENCE TO FACE TASKS WHICH IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS THEY DO JUST AS WELL AS MEN?

Rehana Ghadially

Rita and Nina aged 18 and 20 respectively, find the long summer holidays a good time to reflect on their future hopes and life styles. Nina comments, "I will complete my B.A., but I need security. I would like to find the right man, marry and start a family." Rita thinks marriage is important, but wishes to pursue her education, get a Ph.D. in Economics, preferably abroad. She states, "I am bright, I cannot waste my potential and besides, someone in the family must get off the beaten path".

Thanks to a changing society, Rita's unconventional aspirations are tolerated. Nina's inclinations have the blessings of the entire society. How will these two young women **view themselves** when they are well into their mature, adult years? What gratification will they derive from their major calling in life? As part of her doctoral research, Birnbaum tried to answer these questions precisely. Before relating her findings, let us see what psychologists have to say about how people view themsleves.

The idea of how one views oneself is a very important one in psychology. We are not only an object to others but also an object to ourselves. We do not simply perceive ourselves, we also evaluate what we see. The sum total of our judgements, opinions about our body, ability and behaviour constitute the core of our self-esteem. When positive judgements outweigh negative ones, the person is said to have high self-esteem. A person high in self-esteem will make statements such as "I am intelligent. I respect myself and others. I feel confident of accomplishing many of the goals in life." As expected, there are variations in one's perception of one's worth and findings regarding differences among women and between women and men are both interesting and thought provoking.

The beginnings of self-esteem can be seen as early as the second year of life. When Johnny's mother says, "Drink your milk" and Johnny replies, "No, I don't like milk," he is in fact saying I am different and separate from you. Once this sense of self is established, the value he puts on it, especially during the early part of life and even in adolescence, depends upon the appraisals of others, especially parents, brothers, sisters, etc.

Admonitions such as "You are a bad boy" or "You are a naughty girl" reduce a child's sense of his or her own worth. Feedback such as "I know you are a good girl" or "You are a well-behaved boy" enhances a child's confidence in himself. These initial appraisals are subject to modifications through later experiences.

"An important component of our sense of self is our growing awareness of our sexual identity."

An important component of this self is our growing awareness of our sexual identity namely, "I am a male" or "I am a female."

Our sense of worth will no doubt depend to a certain extent on how close we approximate society's image of the Ideal Man or the Ideal Woman. Traditionally, women have been conditioned to find their major fulfilment in marriage and motherhood, and men to find fulfilment through work.

There are two stages in life — adolescence and the late thirties or early forties — when questions of self-esteem are likely to be crucial for both the sexes although in different degrees. Crystallizing one's identity, namely answering questions like "Who am I?" and "Where am I going?" create anxiety and self-doubts, making for a shaky self-esteem during adolescence.

"For the great majority of girls, social acceptance and marriage are the basis for self-esteem."

According to Erikson, a well-known psychoanalyst, this is a particularly critical period for boys. They must make an occupational choice which matches their interests and will help them fulfil their potential. The identity of the girl is fluid and open, to be sealed and coloured by the man she marries. In modern times, a young woman with untraditional inclinations may face a crisis similar to the one faced by most young men.

However, at this stage of their lives, for the great majority of girls, social acceptance and marriage are the basis for self-esteem. She is interested in establishing her confidence as a woman, not as a person.

The findings of Birnbaum become relevant here. She studied the fluctuations in self-esteem of intellectually gifted college educated women who were in their mature, adult years. At adolescence, some of these women chose to focus on marriage and home making. Other women sought careers in place of or in addition to the traditional femmine gratifications. Sketching a historical portrait of their self-esteem, she found that the traditionally oriented women when they were in their mid-twenties held themselves in higher regard than career committed women. However, by the middle adult years namely some time around the late thirties or early forties, working professional women, whether married or single, held themselves in higher regard than equally gifted non-employed married women.

"Parents who bring up their daughters to believe that their vital source of identity and satisfaction can be found within the family, are doing a great injustice to them."

Traditional gratifications evidently work for short periods. In the long run, a single professional woman is better off than a married one staying at home. Birnbaum argued that parents who bring up their daughters to believe that their vital source of identity and satisfaction can only be found within the family, are doing a great injustice to them. A life prepared to take care of husband and children will eventually plague a woman with uncertainties and loneliness and lower her sense of self-worth.

The lives of Nina and Rita

will most likely follow a path similar to the women in the above study. But is everything really lost for Nina? Should a single choice at adolescence ruin her chance of self-discovery later in life? Certainly not. She can salvage herself from self-recrimination and anxiety by developing sufficient strength, usually with encouragement from others, to step out of the home and pursue higher education or learn skills to enable her find a job. Her eventual identity must take into account all her potential as an individual and simply the socially sanctioned roles of wife and mother.

"A woman's eventual identity must take into account all her potential as an individual and not simply the socially sanctioned roles of wife and mother."

How do women compare with men on questions of self-acceptance and self-regard? Before we answer this question, an interesting finding has been that men who think of themselves as highly masculine and women who consider themselves as highly feminine usually make low scores in psychological tests of self-esteem. Both men and women who perceive themselves as possessing traits characteristic of both the sexes make higher scores. Woman's work is less valued than man's work, typical feminine traits such as passivity, docility are considered less desirable than typical masculine traits of autonomy and assertiveness.

"In specific areas of confidence, men have an edge over women."

Women assimilate this derogatory picture of themselves early in life. Therefore one would logically expect women to have less self-esteem than men. Surprisingly, this is not the case. The majority of studies indicate that in regard to general self-esteem, men and women have similar scores. The finding may not be so difficult to explain. Evidently men and women are not comparing themselves with each other, for if they did women would score lower, but rather to an absolute standard which is different for two sexes because their areas of life involvements are different.

However, psychological findings are not always simple and consistent. To take an example, Terman and his colleagues in California wanted to know what happened to men and women who, as children, had been classified as highly gifted. They found that highly gifted men had accomplished a lot in life, felt generally successful and satisfied with themselves, whereas the women had not accomplished much and felt dissatisfied with themselves. One thing is clear both from Birnbaum's and Terman's work — that it is only the highly intelligent woman who will go through a crisis in self-esteem in mid-life. For the majority of average women this may not hold true.

"Early in life the message is passed on to us that men are capable of accomplishing much more in life than women."

Although the general picture looks the same for both the sexes, in certain specific areas of confidence men have an edge over women. Psychologists have devised ingenious methods of measuring confidence. A simple yet interesting method is to take any task — be it tossing a ring around a bar of soap, a game of tennis or college exams. Boys and girls are then asked, "How well do you expect to do in this task?" In a majority of situations boys display greater self-confidence in meeting the challenge of any task than girls.

This finding is true of men and women of all ages. Tasks are no doubt of different kinds. There are tasks which are labelled "masculine," such as driving a truck; on the other hand, dressing up a child or baking a cake would constitute a "feminine" task. Riding a bicycle is something done by both the sexes and hence is considered a 'neutral' task. Boys or men display greater self-confidence than girls or women in handling tasks labelled neutral or masculine. A disheartening finding is that for tasks labelled feminine, girls' estimates of success just match those of boys but not exceed or surpass them.

But what happens when these boys and girls are told to go ahead and actually perform some task? Hari and Leela are preparing themselves for their forthcoming FYJC exams. When their parents ask how well they expect to do in the exams, Hari replies, "I expect to do very well. I hope to get a 1st class". Leela replies, "I guess I will be all right. Nothing high and mighty." When the results were declared, both did equally well.

"If one half of humanity feels they have inner control over events that touch their lives, it would be foolish for the other half to think that their destinies are tied to the caprice and good will of the gods."

In terms of **actual** performance men do not do any better than women. Why then do women lack the confidence to face tasks which in the final analysis they do just as well as men? One obvious reason is that men like to boast and therefore overestimate their capacity to do anything. Women by contrast are more self-effacing and modest about what they expect to achieve. It can also be true that early in life the message is passed on to us that men are capable of accomplishing much more in life than women. In late life this reflects on our confidence to do anything except traditional woman's work.

But the above explanations only touch the visible part of the iceberg. By far the best explanation given by psychologists is — to what does one attribute one's performance. The final outcome of any work you do will depend upon the nature of the task, the skills or knowledge you bring to it, the amount of effort you are willing to put in and of course a little bit of luck. To take the example of college exams again, how well or poorly the two young people do will depend on how difficult or easy the question paper was, their intellectual ability, the number of hours they put into studying and of course a little luck.

When Hari and Leela were asked, "What was the reason for your success at the college exams?" Hari replied, "I worked long hours for it." Leela replies, "I was lucky."

Having succeeded at a task, a man will attribute his success to his abilities or effort, whereas a woman will attribute her success to luck or chance. Faced with failure, a man will say that it was due to bad luck or some external factors, whereas a woman will chalk it up either to bad luck or tend to disparage or blame herself.

As long as this belief among women persists that it is fate or luck that determines whether the goals one has set can or cannot be achieved, she will not be interested in developing her skills and abilities to the fullest. This will also serve to lower her aspirations in any endeavour. Self-respect is supposed to derive from hard work, ambition and developing competence.

"A man will attribute his success to his abilities — a woman to luck or chance."

In order to come to grips with the problem of sustained self-esteem in women, certain changes in attitudes are essential.

Mothers can no longer afford to bring up their daughters to fit the cultural stereotype of wife and mother. The result of this is psychic constriction. Wife and motherhood can provide a vital but temporary source of feelings of power and dignity. Self-enhancement can proceed by re-orienting oneself, by relocating your identity for a totally different situation. If one half of humanity feels they have inner control over the events that touch their lives, it would be foolish for the other half to think that their destinies are tied to the caprice and good will of the gods. Resources like intelligence and creativity are distributed equally among both the sexes. We have to create circumstances and opportunities so that both sexes can fulfil their self-chosen destiny.

GIVE YOUR WIFE ONE MORE PARTNER

A partner who will help her in stitching.Here is the name of her would be partner-SEW-TIDY.

This handy, cute and beautiful Sew-Tidy with two decks is going to help you much in stitching. Keep all your sewing materials in one box. Without any mess. Separate compart-ments are provided to keep buttons, scissors, needles, bobbins etc. It helps you keep things handy and tidy. Avoid waste of time and waste of energy in searching.

This handy Sew-Tidy polystron box comes to you in different colours. It's an asset and it assists you in stitching. A tidy house needs a Sew-Tidy. Buy one today and satisfy yourself.

A place for everything and everything in place. Sew-Tidy is available in attractive colours.

SEW-TIDY
SEWING KIT

DAYLIGHT PLASTIC INDUSTRIES
45, Suryodaya Mills Compound, Tardeo Road,
Bombay-400 034. Telephone: 895110
CABLE: "DAYPLASTIC" BYCULLA-400 034

Available at: **FAIRDEAL TRADERS**
232/3—D; Mangaldas Bldg., Mangaldas Road, Bombay-400 002.

INNOCENT VICTIM OF A BRUTAL MURDER

S. N. Narayanan

Four years ago, Tamilnadu, Madras city in particular, was gradually recovering from a long drought. Water was the most desired among nature's gifts at that time. Women of all ages and castes used to form long queues in front of houses privileged to possess water taps either of the Corporation or bore wells inside their compounds. Some obliged the poor, many chased them off.

In New Washermanpet, a northern suburb of the city, many women had to wake up before dawn if they wanted the precious fluid to cook and feed their family.

Tamilnadu is famous for its tapland skirmishes, especially when the crowds are large and tempers are frayed. Because the early bird catches the worm, girls vied with one another to reach the water sources before a crowd gathered and quarrels rent the air. Fifteen-year-old Singari, petite and pretty, blossoming into physical maturity, was the youngest child of Subramaniam and Sivakozhundu Ammal. The other daughters were Rani (21) and Vijaya (18). Singari's household chores included fetching water.

A bakery in the vicinity had a water tap. The owner of the shop, Mariappa Naicker, was a generous man and permitted his needy neighbours to take water from his tap and Singari was one of the first to arrive with her two shining pots.

Mani (21), a baker's hand, lived in the shop itself. His friend Krishnan (23), working in the harbour, shared the makeshift bedroom. They were excited by Singari's young beauty and pestered her with their unwelcome advances. But she was a modest girl, well brought up, and ignored them and hurried home, her eyes downcast.

One fateful morning, it was Friday, September 9, Singari's clock apparently ran faster than time. She reached the bakery earlier than usual, at about 5.45 A.M. Sunrise that day was at 6.31 A.M. according to the calendar. Her face brightened up. The tap would be all for herself. Not a soul to compete. She hastened towards the door in the compound wall leading to the tap and entered. Hardly had she passed in, when the door clicked sut and was bolted in.

A few minutes later, pot bearing women mustered outside. To their dismay the door remained closed. They knocked. Mani emerged, closed the door and blocked their way. "The tap is under repair. You cannot draw water today," he announced. They lingered for a while and then left in search of other sources of water. Mani stayed there, turning back all those who came. After some time he vanished inside and Krishnan took his place.

Subramaniam chided Sivakozhundu for her lax upbringing of Singari. He accused her of being too indulgent towards the girl because she was the youngest.

"See," he grumbled, "she has still not returned from the bakery. She is a grown up girl now and you should not allow her such freedom."

The minutes grew into an hour. The parents went to the bakery. There was no trace of the girl. But the pots that she carried lay orphaned near the pump. They inquired in the neighbourhood. None had seen Singari, not even the women who fetched water from there regularly.

8 A.M. Then 9 A.M. Subramaniam and Sivakazhumdu were frantic. Their search was fruitless. There was no sign of the missing girl. The neighbours advised them to go to the police.

Subramaniam's household spent a miserable day. They were unwilling to go to the police. They dreaded the publicity. But next morning, the father called at the police station and reported Singari's disappearance.

Two constables were deputed to investigate. They went to the bakery and began a search of the premises. Suddenly they heard a loud scream. A scavenger woman was pointing a trembling finger at the cast iron manhole cover and the policemen saw a tiny finger peeping out from a side of the metallic lid!

The lid was prised open and the sight that met their eyes was ghastly. It was the decomposed, bloated body of a girl, doubled up and thrust into the manhole.

The constables flashed a message to the police station. The case was taken up for investigation by Assistant Commissioner of Police Vasudevayya, assisted by Inspector Mahadevan and Sub-Inspector Amir Hussain. Photographers, police dogs, and of course news men and curious crowds swarmed the place until it was cordoned off.

Subramaniam and Sivakozhundu were summoned and they identified the body as Singari's.

Mariappa Naicker, the owner of the bakery, was the prime suspect and was apprehended. While he denied any link with the crime, he informed the police that his employee Mani who used to stay in the shop was missing since the previous morning. Mani's friend Krishnan had also absconded.

Then began the hunt for Mani and Krishnan. The former was arrested while he was about to board a train at Madras Central, and the latter at the harbour.

Once suspects enter a police station, confessions pour out with astounding rapidity. In this instance, the task of the police was lightened because the suspects were novices. The confession ran as follows:

"On that fateful morning, we were watching as usual for Singari. She came at about quarter to six, earlier than usual. None else was there. The moment she entered the compound, we locked the door from inside. She started screaming. We then thrust a ball of cotton into her mouth. We then raped her, one after the other, one of us keeping vigil outside by turn. When everything was over, she lay motionless. We aimed at only enjoying her, not killing. Our intention was to send her out with a warning that if she ever uttered a word we would kill her. We also planned to promise marriage to one of us if she behaved. But her body was limp and she seemed lifeless. Then the idea of the manhole struck us. We bent her body double and thrust it into the hole. Now she was writhing and wriggling so the manhole cover would not fit properly. Therefore we both sat on the cover to keep it in position, until all movement stopped. It took several minutes to squeeze her to death.

"Later we cleaned up the place and left. I had planned to leave the city for good. Krishnan did not because he wouldn't be suspected."

The confession triggered off a violent public upheaval. The angry people demanded that both the criminals should be handed over to them. The police had a tough time calming the restive crowd. As the situation was fast getting out of control, the police officials offered to produce the two youths for public view, but none should come near them.

Accordingly, Mani and Krishnan were brought to New Washermanpet under heavy police escort. They stood on an open police lorry. People spat at them, which unfortunately damped only the uniforms of the police!

On February 14, 1976 Mani and Krishnan were sentenced to death by the Sessions Judge. But the accused went on appeal. In the High Court it was held that the prosecution had failed to establish the crime beyond any trace of doubt in the tried court and the accused were given the benefit of doubt and set free.

Krishnan resumed his harbour job. Mani got married and lives happily now. And the same public which once evinced a frenzied desire to lynch them, have now accepted them back into society. Only her parents remember their pretty, innocent teenage Singari.

Adorn your hands. Bejewel your ears. But use Sunsilk for beautiful hair.

Soft, silky, sunshine hair.
Sunsilk is more than just a shampoo
it's your most important cosmetic.
Because only Sunsilk Shampoo
does so much to make you look and
feel your beautiful best.

And now the Sunsilk 'new look' range has
even more to offer: natural ingredients
that you know are good for your hair.

Whatever you do to the rest of you,
you can't be truly beautiful till you use
Sunsilk. Start now.

sun silk*

A girl's most important cosmetic

Sunsilk's 'new look' range has a shampoo for every type of hair. Almond for normal hair. Lemon for greasy hair. Amla for dry hair. Egg Protein for dull, lifeless hair. Shikakai for delicate hair.

MOSAICS IN GLASS

S. M. Waghela discarded oil and water colours for a newer medium — glass scrap. And using this new medium has not deprived his mosaics of their finer details. Whether it is the rural woman in her colourful costume, or historical scenes, or landscapes, or abstract themes, the effect is rich and refreshing.

This well-known artist from Baroda took to glass two decades ago. In his compositions nowhere does he make use of paints — even the minutest detail is constructed with bits and pieces of glass which he breaks with his hands. He uses glass of different textures and colours to give the required finish.

The mosaics featured here were on display at his exhibition held recently in Bombay. His exhibits scintillate and sparkle as light plays upon them — they look different when viewed from different angles.

S. M. Waghela has several shows to his credit in many places including New York where he received rave notices.

Photographs: Farokh Reportor

Totally different LIRIL. Rippled green with the exciting freshness of limes. Tangy, tingling LIRIL ...makes a fresh new woman of you.

Liril

THE FRESHNESS SOAP **with the exciting freshness of limes**

A Quality Product by HINDUSTAN LEVER.

LINTAS LR 28-1023

carefree youth: THE MISSING LINK

Suchita Mazumdar

Our concept of youth is that it is a carefree time of gaiety, and the young people we see on magazine covers, at least the majority of those we keep reading about, certainly give us no reason to believe it is at all otherwise. Nor do most of our textbooks, cinemas and other means of learning about the young contradict this view. Only the reality is otherwise.

For Tara, 25, from a fairly-well-to-do family, youth has been mostly a time of self-denial, but she does not complain. "Most of my life, from 12 right up to now, has been vigorous, and I'd really not want to change it if I had my life to live over again, but all the carefree part of it was always like living on borrowed time. My responsibilities, duties, or at least my own sense of duties, continuously nagged me. I'm not complaining, but I've often wished — I often wish — that I had more time just for myself. Time when I didn't have to keep worrying about how my mother would react if I did a certain thing, whether she'd like a certain dress material I'd have liked to buy, whether my parents wanted me home at a certain time even if they hadn't said anything. And I don't think independently. Opinions yes, I have independent opinions, but not actions."

For Vaiju, 23, it's been a life of worry. A textile worker, Vaiju is not, for all that she doesn't have "a gay time", a sad person. Going out and enjoying herself with friends or seeing films is out of the question — the family is both poor and traditional and young unmarried girls do not venture outdoors alone. So what she has in common with our educated idea of 'youth' is that she has dreams — dreams of romance, of gaiety, of a better life. But even those dreams do not get an opportunity to surface often as Vaiju has to worry about her father who doesn't have a job, her mother who is sick quite often, paying the moneylender, looking after a younger brother and sister. She became an adult even before she had quite finished her childhood when she started working as a house servant at nine.

For Rekha, a 16-year-old 'bai', the hateful drudgery of cleaning and washing dishes, the journey from and to her slum hut to the house where she worked, waiting in long queues for the bus, for water, for rations became her life. This was in her girlhood, and so her present work, in the factory, "is a relief from that house servant's work," even with all its problems.

For Ganpat, 17, a runaway from his village, cleaning cars and living on his own, it's a time for "earning, looking after oneself and enjoying." Before that item inspires the thought that he has a good time it should be added that the enjoyment includes precisely "three or sometimes four, sometimes only one, film. . . I spend all my extra money on films." What else does he do for fun? He looks puzzled. With his friends? Ah yes, he sits with his friends in gardens whenever they can get together, And what do they talk about? About work, their families, films, actors and actresses, wives and girls.

And for Malavika it has been a 'marvellous youth'. I have done lots of things and done them all fully — parties, trying to be 'in' with the latest fashions, college activities, studies, so many things. And I've never been curbed in doing anything I wanted to do. I had at least one chance at doing what I wanted."

It is not an accident that Malavika, the only one to have had the pleasure of a youth typical according to educated norms, comes from a family that is both wealthy and liberal, far removed from traditional thinking and free from the burden of monetary worries.

Responsibilities seem to become a way of life early with most middle and working class children. The richer the family the longer the period of youth it can afford to buy for its children. Not that responsibilities hurt. In fact, it seems to have the opposite effect on most young people. As Ruth, 34, and mother of seven-year-old Dax, said, she started helping with the housework from when she was around ten, and has always borne most of the family responsibilities although she is the youngest among her brothers and sisters until, "I got to enjoy them, I can't do without responsibilities now. I love doing things for others."

So responsibilities per se seem to do good for most. But responsibilities that cause the young to forfeit even a few carefree hours every day or at least every week are not uncommon in India. And this attitude towards children — that they should be responsible for this, for that and the other is not necessarily on account of money problems alone. Tradition plays a more important role here.

The more traditional in outlook a family is, the less it allows individual freedom to any of its members. The bad effect it has on youth is not so much that they may not be allowed to wear certain types of clothes or comb their hair in a particular style, but that their self-expression is stifled. Often there are curbs on what a child reads, on the opinions that a young man or woman may hold. And here teachers are as guilty as parents. Most young people are trained to deny the right to even express their true feelings. They therefore cannot think for themselves, and are unable to face life on their own when they grow up.

Tara was made to feel that her first duty was to her family to such an extent that her periods of fun became a source of guilt to her. Most young people are taught to think that their first duty is to their parents their careers, their brothers and sisters — to everybody but themselves. They even ultimately tend to lose sight of what they may have ever wanted to do with their lives, leave alone develop as fully as possible their talents, intelligence, personality, self-confidence. Their abilities are deadened and lost.

In the existing situation, however, men still have a greater opportunity than women. Boys are allowed greater freedom, and that gives them a better chance for fun. They can play more games, and go out more, move easily in village or city, sit around in tea shops or lounge in parks. Only among the upper classes do girls have near equal freedom, sometimes even more freedom than boys of the poorer classes.

About half of the 15-year-olds in India are employed either in fields, factories or otherwise to earn a living. About 60 per cent of all Indian youth below 25 are illiterate. Of the literate, less than 20 per cent have any formal education and only a handful — about five per cent — have education in colleges or technical institutions. Most of them are undernourished physically, so that even if they have an opportunity for fun and games, they have little energy to enjoy themselves.

Youth, according to our educated concept, is a time of dreams and romance, a time for experimenting and adventure, but for the vast majority of the young in India this is far from true. It is only a period of hard work, worry, frustration.

Sarees and Dress materials, shirtings and suitings. In 100% 'Terene', cotton and blends. To get compliments coming your way.

THE PAVEMENT CLUB

membership very select

Rupa Chinai

THE CHILD ON THE STREETS LIVES IN A WORLD OF INSECURITY, POVERTY AND VIOLENCE. HE IS HOUNDED BY THE POLICE AND SHUNNED BY SOCIETY, BUT HERE IS A CLUB STARTED EXCLUSIVELY FOR HIM

Everybody talks about the under-privileged child. We see him on Bombay's pavements, rough and abusive or cheerful and on his toes — working hard to make a living. He has his own means, be it pick-pocketing, shining shoes, begging, selling cinema tickets on the black market or cleaning cars. He lives on the pavements of Bombay — in a world of insecurity and violence. Hounded by the police and shunned by people, he has learnt to stay alive by his sharp wits. What does the future hold for this child? What does he think about, what does he do in his spare time?

The "Pavement Club" is the place to meet some of these children. This club is one of the most exclusive clubs in Bombay. To be a member the main qualification is to be poor and your home should be on one of Bombay's hospitable pavements. The club meets every Friday evening at 5.30 p.m. in an old church hall, belonging to the Church of North India (next to the Sterling Cinema).

Walking in through the gate I saw groups of young children intent on playing carrom. In one corner two little boys were locked in a ferocious fight, wild oaths flying and teeth bared. A group of older boys were having a lively game of football in another section of the courtyard. The ball flew past me just missing my face and they all shouted "Sorry." A group of children sitting on the steps banged on a drum, singing something merry and dancing all around me. As I entered the hall the din became ear-splitting. All around me children jumped and played, others were industriously drawing pictures and some just making a nuisance of themselves.

A scene of 60 children from four to 16 years old, brought together, engaged in normal activities of that age. It was a happy sort of bedlam!

The Pavement Club started as a project of the Church Social Service Group five years ago when there was a severe drought in Maharashtra. The church members decided to make packets of food and distribute it among the poor and sick who lived on the pavements around the VT area. They noticed the large number of children running wild, and one of the young men in the group had the idea: why not have a club where these children could come regularly? When they informed the children about it, a good number responded. The church members provided games and toys, books, taught crafts and, best of all, gave a proper meal and a bath for all these children. Soon the word got around among pavement children that all these delights were available to them for free.

More and more began to come.

Homi Khatas

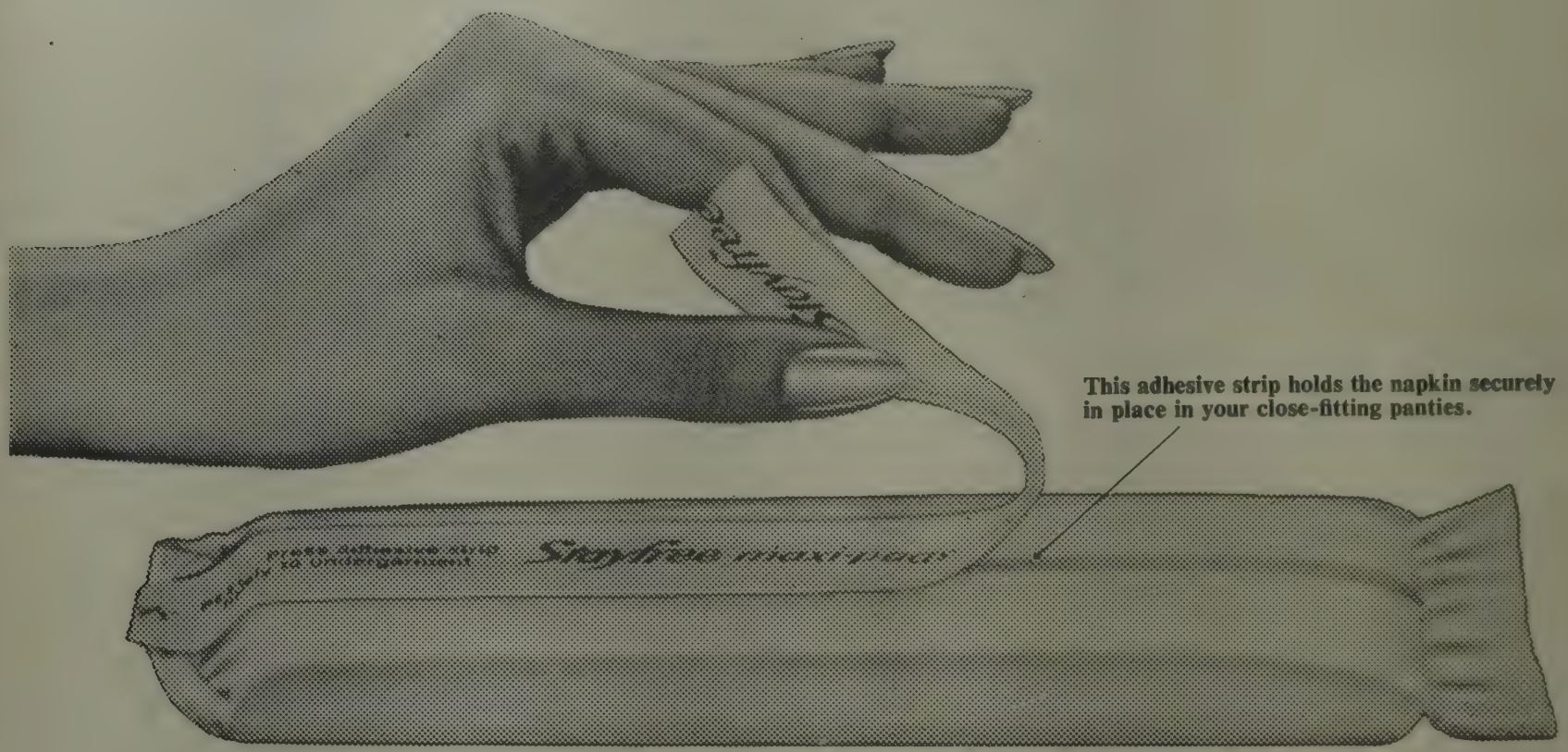
I started talking to a group of little girls. Maya, a chirpy little 6-year-old, told me that in her "spare time" she begged. Another little girl butted in to say in a very superior tone, "I don't do such dishonest work. I am not like her. I love studying and I come here to study." Pointing to Maya, she continued, "Her mother does not even care whether she begs or steals." With that final shot she got immersed in her drawing, deaf to all protestations from her indignant friend.

Sheikh Galib, for one with such a majestic sounding name, is a curly haired little boy with merry eyes and a big smile. He comes from Guntur in Andhra Pradesh. He thinks he is about 10 to 12 years of age and "far too old to study now" — when questioned about his education. He works in the Crawford Market for a man who sells lemons. Sheikh Galib's father works as a labourer on contruction sites. His mother works as a maid in different homes, cleaning utensils. At night they sleep in one of the houses under construction.

Tapan, a little Gujarati boy whose family hails from Surat, listens to my exchange with Sheikh Galib and announces that he is determined to study up to college. He is now in class seven. He outlines for Sheikh Galib all the advantages he sees in having an education. Like a midget grandfather, he lectures, "When you become big you can write to your Ma, Baap. You can give money to them because you have a good job. If your Sheth asks you to write something, how will you write? You will feel a proper fool! So it's better you learn something now."

A group of older boys had gathered around us. I asked them about their backgrounds. One fellow, who was obviously drunk, became quite voluble. His mother had died when he was a baby. At the age of six he ran away from an unhappy home, jumped on a train — ticketless — and at the end of the journey

New Stayfree Beltless Napkins



No more loops, belts, pins or bother. All the freedom you've wanted with all the protection you need

If you're a woman who likes to make the most of every single day, we'd like to introduce you to something very special: STAYFREE Beltless Sanitary Napkins.

All the freedom you've wanted

Gone are the days when you had to bother with loops or belts, pins or strings.

The STAYFREE Napkin has its own adhesive strip to keep it in place. You simply press it on to the inside of your close-fitting panties. And there it stays, snug and secure, until you lift it off.

With STAYFREE Napkins you can wear what you want—do what you want. They really stay in place.

All the protection you need

STAYFREE is specially designed to assure you of protection you need. Highly absorbent inner layers trap the moisture inside, and a 3-way plastic shield around the bottom and the sides of the napkin prevents staining. Buy a pack today and discover beltless freedom. You'll never go back to loops or belts, pins or strings!

Made in India by Johnson & Johnson LIMITED BOMBAY 400 036 Licenced User. STAYFREE is a trade mark of Johnson & Johnson U.S.A. © J & J '79

discovered he had landed in Bombay. Lost and hungry, he soon discovered what life in Bombay would hold for him. He started to collect scrap paper but that did not prove a profitable business. He moved on to stealing chappals and other things from people who lived on pavements.

"Why did you steal from people who are as poor as you?" I asked.

"Rich or poor, what difference does it make? My stomach is all that matters."

Then he discovered that selling cinema tickets in the black market was the most profitable business going in Bombay. He claims to have many friends who are always willing to loan him money. So if his friend gives him Rs. 100, he would be able to earn Rs. 400. Rs. 150 is returned to the friend — "He too must earn." A large chunk of the money goes in bribing the police. In that particular area about 500 policemen are constantly on the beat. "If you have the bad luck to bump into one of them, which happens very often, we have to pay upto Rs 2 to bribe our way out of their clutches." He has been to jail several times.

'Don't you think it is dishonest to sell tickets in the black?" I asked.

"Didi," a boy with one leg exclaimed incredulously. "How can it be wrong? We do it in the open. We are not robbing anyone. The public pays us, the police watch us doing it. Both encourage us. How is it wrong?"

I had no answer.

This young man, Dilip, told me that he lost his leg when he snatched a lady's handbag on a train. While jumping off he fell short, and the speeding train crushed one of his legs. The police took him to a hospital where his leg was amputated. This was followed by a year in jail, despite efforts by the lady whose bag he had stolen to have the police let him off.

Following his release Dilip came in contact with the Pavement Club. Over the last two years he has made an effort to find a job. Recently a well known cricketer of Bombay offered to take him on as a trainee in his factory. Dilip was eager to have a go but came back disillusioned. He did not receive any stipend during his training period. How was he to sustain himself?

"I wish we could do more for them," says Mrs. Dev, the headmistress of a well-known school in Bombay, who is a volunteer helping run this club. Affectionately called "Mummy," she is a great favourite with the children all of whom want to shake her hand when she comes in. "We do not have a lot of funds and the money goes in getting food, medicine, etc. However, just a few days back a Parsi gentleman gave a donation of Rs. 1,000. Many of these children want to study and perhaps we could help them to go to night-school if more of such donations were forthcoming."

As headmistress of an affluent school she feels her school is a good resource centre where the privileged children help the under privileged. The children in her school do this gladly and willingly, bringing soap, towels, clothes and old magazines to make paper bags, etc. The street children are also taught to make coat-hangers which the school children buy for Rs. 2 each and the money is put back into the club.

That very day two children from the school had brought a big basket full of samosas and a huge cake which were distributed to all the children with their evening meal. Their excitement and happiness knew no bounds, but they managed to restrain themselves in order to first pray together that God would give them wisdom; that he would enhance their club, and special thanks to Jesus Christ in whose church they met. Then they all tucked in!

Previously, the meals were served on paper, and everyone had to sit on the steps outside the hall and eat. Then at the children's request the church members bought glasses, plates, etc. It pleased them greatly to feel they were part of a family when they sat together.

An important ritual of the club is bathing. A great attraction to this otherwise hated treatment is the sweet smelling talcum powder! The older ones wash the younger ones' hair. A request was also made for tooth powder. The children liked the taste of it so much that they preferred to eat it!

The entire church is involved in the financing of this project. Some donate money, others give gifts in terms of clothes or grain from their weekly ration. One worker sells water on the roadside earning Rs. 100 a month out of which he gives Rs. 15 every month for the children.

There are about ten people who come regularly to help run the club. One of them is Vinod, a young man who works in a well-known company. "When I first came to the Pavement Club I found it very difficult. The children would shout, abuse and misbehave. Then I decided to try and find out what their problems are. Basically they want to air out their grievances to anyone who is willing to listen to them."

Violence is a problem they have had to contend with. Prabhu, another of the young men who works as a volunteer in the club, says, "I have realised that I cannot afford to lose my temper with these children. When they are violent we just ignore them. I once had a very interesting experience. A boy started to throw carrom discs all over the place in a fit of anger. I just stood there silently and when he had finished I went and picked them all up and made the other children start playing again. This boy didn't say anything, but his mood changed. The next day he was the first to come and greet me and shake my hand. We became great friends. For both of us this incident was a lesson and a challenge — for me it was to put into practice my Christian faith. Like every human being, they respond to love and affection."

The volunteers are often a target of practical jokes, like hanging dead rats on the gates or getting itching powder sprinkled on them. They take all of it in their stride. If some boys misbehave too badly the other boys just throw them out. "We don't retaliate," says Heera, another of the volunteers.

"The minute they see someone who is sick or hungry they must do something about it at once. They feel it is their respon-

Continued on page 41

So pure and light...
AO PURE COCONUT OIL
AO Pure Coconut Oil is filtered twice to retain the natural goodness and sweet smell of coconuts
AO Pure Coconut Oil is made from choice sundried coconuts. Filtered twice. Crystal clear, with the natural sweet smell of coconuts.
AO Pure Coconut Oil —Trusted for purity through the years
AO BRAND PURE COCONUT OIL
Available in hygienically sealed tins: 5 sizes. Bottles: 2 sizes.
Grant.8.77
AhmedMills
Bombay • Calcutta
New Delhi
Ahmedabad
Bangalore • Dhanbad

Both fabrics were stamped polyester.

Low content polyester fabric

'Terene' stamped fabric

The 'Terene' Trademark made the difference!

These days, the market is flooded with inferior blends of polyester fabrics all stamped to confuse you. These fabrics do not live up to the promise of polyester. After a few washes they crease, they shrink, they look shabby—because of insufficient polyester content.

Only mills fabrics which have passed CAFI's strictest inspection tests for crease recovery and shrinkage can carry the 'Terene' trademark. 'Terene' fabrics have the correct blend—the right polyester content. That's why they stay smart, look as good as new, wash after wash.

Don't take chances. Be 100% sure you're buying correctly blended polyester. Pick the fabric with the 'Terene' trademark—it gives you value for your money.

TERENE®

means the correct blend–everytime!

® Registered Trademark of Chemicals and Fibres of India Limited (CAFI)

RAAHU KAALAM

A MERE SUPERSTITION. HE LAUGHED AT IT... TILL ONE DAY HE FOUND HIMSELF RELUCTANTLY SUBSCRIBING TO THE BELIEF

C. Raghunathan

IT was a Monday, but a festival holiday. As I was about to leave the house on some personal work, Kamala came hurrying from the kitchen.

"Can't you wait for fifteen more minutes?" she asked, anxiously looking at the wall-clock in the living room.

My eyes mechanically followed her gaze. The clock showed 8.45. The significance of her words suddenly struck me. On Mondays, **Raahu Kaalam** is between 7.30 and 9.00 and my superstitious wife didn't want me to stir out of the place during what she considered an inauspicious time.

"Bah!" I jeered. "You and your **Raahu Kaalam!** I don't believe in it. Every week we commence production in our factory at what you dub as 'inauspicious time.' Yet nothing untoward happens except the routine problems."

"But the heavens won't fall down if you postpone your departure by just fifteen minutes," Kamala insisted, mopping the sweat on her forehead with the pallav of her sari.

As I was searching my mind for a suitable retort, our six-year-old son darted in, and asked, "Appa, where are you going?"

That innocent question from a child evoked more fears in my wife's superstition-ridden mind, because such a question is also considered inauspicious.

She flared at the child. She then pounced upon him, delivered a few raps on his back, and cried, "How many times have I warned you not to ask, 'Where are you going?' when a person is about to leave?"

The boy promptly started bellowing.

"It's bad to cry when someone is going out. **Gup chup!** "Quiet!" Kamala threatened the boy, placing her index finger over her lips.

The lad knew when to keep his mouth shut. He tried to suppress his sobs.

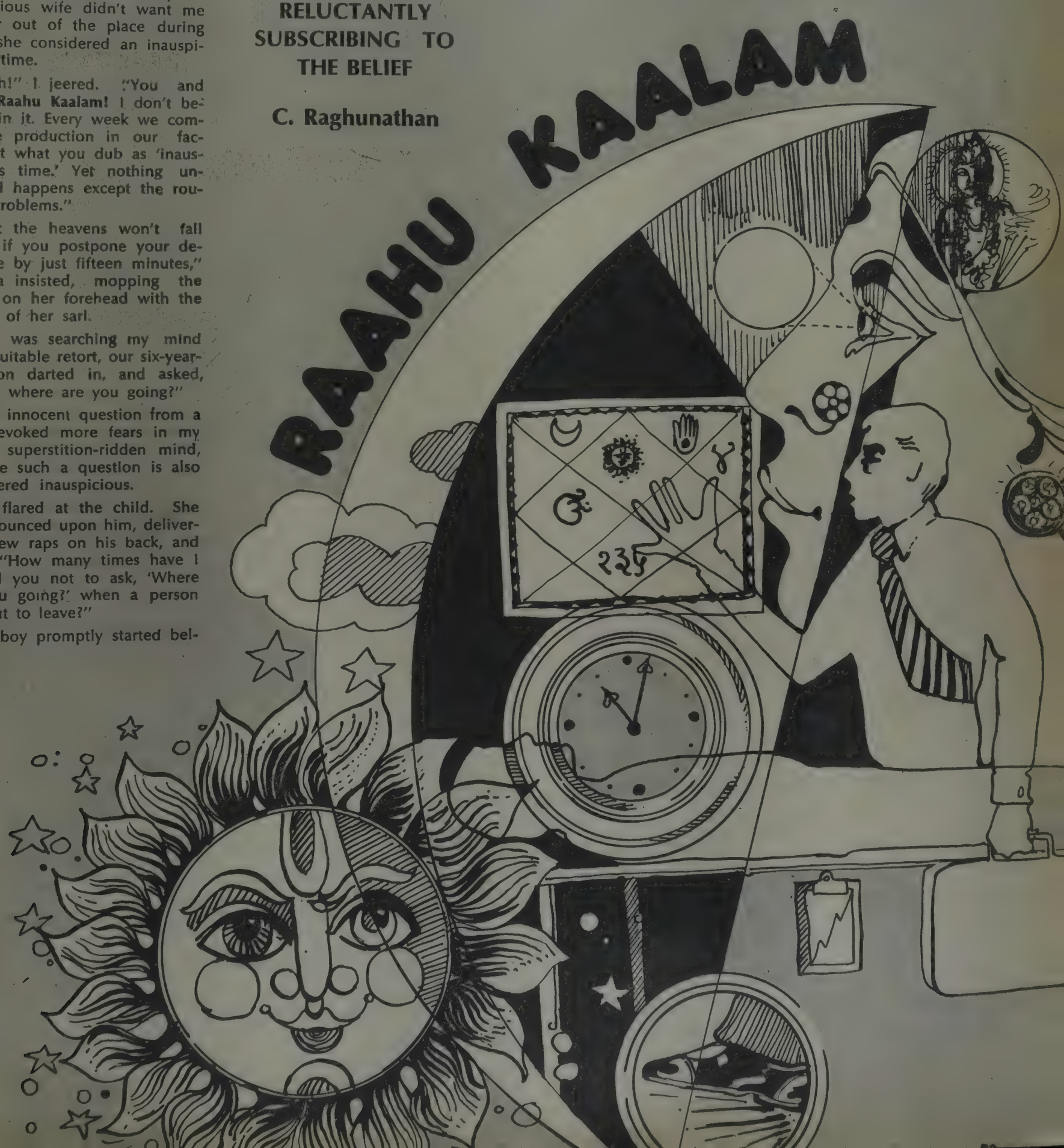
Though I knew that my son deserved a few occasional corrective whacks to keep him under control, I felt sorry for him now.

"You need not punish the child for your silly superstitions," I remarked sarcastically.

Kamala ignored my comment and said, "When you were about to go, he asked, 'Where're you going?' So please sit on the sofa for a few minutes before going out." She was almost pleading.

I stared at her for a few seconds. This was too much! In utter defiance, I silently stepped out.

"He's very stubborn!" I heard Kamala lament to herself.



The first baby solid that combines easy-to-digest rice with 11 nutritious vitamins and iron

Nestum®

baby cereal
cream of rice

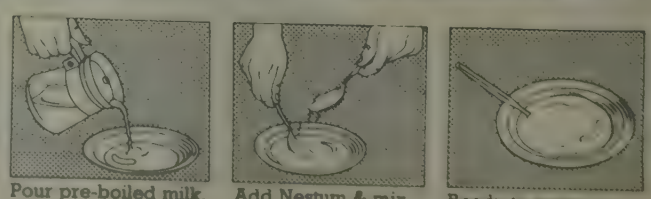
When you start your baby on solids, give him a food that's nutritious, yet gentle on his delicate digestive system. Doctors agree that the easiest-to-digest cereal is rice. That's why we made Nestum Cream of Rice. It has just the right balance of vitamins and iron essential for baby's healthy growth.

You can start your baby on it from 3 months onwards. And as baby grows, Nestum Cream of Rice mixed with fruits, vegetables, dal and saag helps introduce baby to new tastes. The gentle way.

So gentle for baby's digestion. So good for baby's growth.

Maximum price Rs. 7.00 Local taxes extra.

Prepare with milk to make a gentle, nutritionally complete feed



Pour pre-boiled milk. Add Nestum & mix. Ready to serve.

NESTLE

SAA/FSL/N/1134

RAAHU KAALAM

As soon as I returned home, I triumphantly boasted to Kamala, "Look, I left during **Raahu Kaalam** and after the boy's question and crying, while I was leaving. Yet my errand was successful! What have you got to say about that?"

"It's only an exception that proves the rule," she replied nonchalantly.

"You and your feminine logic!" I retorted.

"Even if you don't believe in such things," she said more in sorrow than in anger, you could have at least shown some consideration for my feelings. I was almost begging ..."

Her face wore a sad expression. That softened me. Her anguish seemed to give her a peculiar charm that made her look very attractive. "Is it because of this I'm tempted to tease her often?" I asked myself.

"All right, I'll made amends," I said in a conciliatory tone, and tried to pull her towards me.

"Iyya, behave yourself. The kid may pop in any time," she mildly admonished me as she wriggled out of my grip.

"At least you were logical for once," I teased her. "Thank God you didn't say it was **Yama Kandam** and therefore I **shouldn't** touch you."

"You may keep your wisecracks to yourself," she said with mock seriousness and left for the kitchen to attend to her household chores.

* * *

On another occasion, when I was about to phone my mother, Kamala intervened. "If it's about your sister's marriage, please wait till the **Yama kandam** passes. You may ring up after three."

"Damn it!" I growled and dialled the number.

After the exchange of preliminaries with my mother, I started, "About the boy we have chosen for Anu ..."

"Stop it!" My mother's stentorian voice boomed through the receiver. "You should have enough sense not to talk about such auspicious matters during Yama kandam. Ring up after three." Then the telephone went dead in my hand. I stared at it for a moment, then slowly put it down.

"Why did she disconnect so abruptly?," Kamala asked, pretending not to know.

"She told me to ring up after three," I replied sheepishly.

"You asked for it!" She rubbed it in. "You're a mamma's boy. You're scared of her. When I said the same thing you bared your fangs like a bull-dog."

"All women are superstitious and my mother is no exception," I replied with what dignity I could muster.

"As if men are not superstitious!" she retorted. "I can give an impressive list of educated men who observe **Raahu Kaalam** and **Yama Kandam.**"

"Mere majority doesn't make a superstition less foolish," I replied.

"When you're in Rome you've to do like Romans do."

"I refuse to be like the sheep that meekly follow the herd."

"You're incorrigible!" she said, shrugging her shoulders in exasperation and left me.

* * *

Years rolled by. Life, as you know, doesn't always run smoothly. Kamala fell ill. There was excessive bleeding from her uterus. Clinical examination revealed a large tumour in her womb, though fortunately, a biopsy confirmed that it was not malignant. Nevertheless, the specialists recommended hysterectomy, the surgical removal of the uterus. I was worried as it was a major operation involving some risk to her life.

Kamala was admitted to a private hospital. As she was weak and anaemic, she had to be given blood transfusion and generally strengthened. That delayed the operation and the suspense and anxiety were killing me. Add to this the peculiar odour and the depressing atmosphere of the hospital. The diseases, the decay, the constant reminder that death is lurking round the corner, the sad and pathetic faces of the suffering patients and their near and dear — all these shattered my confidence and optimism. The words "This alone is true" were mercilessly dinned into my mind and I became moody and dejected.

To find some reassurance, I went to the Vada Palani temple and performed an **archanai** in Kamala's name. As I was offering her the **prasadam** of **vibuthi** and **kumkum,** Kamala smiled and remarked, "So you've become God fearing."

"I only detest superstition; but I'm always God fearing," I replied calmly, curbing my natural tendency to argue.

Kamala's general condition improved and, after a final examination, the surgeon solemnly announced, "We shall have the operation on Saturday at 10 o'clock."

"Saturday at 10 o'clock," I unconsciously repeated to myself. Suddenly, a warning bell rang in my mind. The operation would be performed during **Raahu Kaalam!** Somehow, I felt uneasy.

Hitherto I had taken Kamala for granted and had not realised the depth of my love for her. Now, the very thought that there was some risk to her life made me shudder. "Should anything happen to Kamala," I told myself, "it would be an irreplacable loss for me, a part of me will die."

I cared for her so much that I was not prepared to take any risk. And in the mental state I was at that time, performing the operation during **Raahu Kaalam** appeared to be a needless risk.

But my ego wouldn't allow me to express my fears openly. To save my face, I wanted Kamala to raise the objection herself. But, strangely enough, she appeared to be indifferent. Her behaviour perplexed me.

"Maybe she had not heard properly," I thought and so prompted her: "The doctor wants to perform the operation on Saturday at 10 o'clock. Will that be all right?" I deliberately stressed the Saturday and 10 o'clock.

"Yes, I heard the doctor," she replied dispassionately, "and I think it should be all right."

"How could it be all right? It's **Raahu kaalam!**" I felt like yelling at her. But I swallowed heavily and kept mum.

After the doctor's departure, I went to the corridor and vacantly gazed at the horizon. Dark masses of menacing rain-clouds were racing across the sky and I felt gloomy and restless. I wanted the time of the operation to be changed at any cost.

So I went to the doctor's room. As I entered, he looked up and glumly pointed to the chair in front of his glass-topped desk. I sat on the edge of the chair, feeling fidgety. He was a foreign qualified doctor and I was convinced that he would mock me, I who had ridiculed others!

Pure Silk
Chiffon
Dreams
from
Garden.

Garden®
Silk Mills Ltd Surat

Rediffusion/G/986 a

RAAHU KAALAM

"Doctor," I started diffidently," ... er ... the time chosen by you for the operation happens to be **Raahu kaalam.** Sorry I didn't point it out earlier. So ... so .... hope you don't mind changing it, I mean start after 10.30 so that ...." Having got it of my chest, I slumped back in the chair, waiting for the doctor to laugh at me. The doctor's response was a great surprise and relief to me.

"Let me see ..." he reacted calmly. "On Saturdays ... **Raahu kaalam** ... Oh, yes, between 9 and 10.30. Well ... if you and your wife have any fears, I'll postpone the operation by half an hour. I wouldn't like my patient to enter the operating theatre with needless misgivings."

I heaved a sigh of relief. After all, the doctor had not laughed at me. His reply emboldened me to ask, "Doctor, do you believe in **Raahu kaalam?**"

"Well, not for ordinary things," he replied with a frank smile, "but if my own wife were to undergo an operation, I wouldn't like to have it during that time."

I thanked him and returned to Kamala's room.

"Kamala," I said, "the time initially decided for your operation was in **Raahu kaalam.** I thought you hadn't realised it and when you did you would feel upset. So I requested the doctor to change it and he has kindly agreed to perform the operation at 10.40 instead of at ten." Even at that stage I wanted to guard my ego by putting the blame on Kamala.

Her reply baffled me. "No, I didn't overlook it," Kamala replied in a matter-of-fact tone.

"How could I?"

"Then why didn't you object?," I asked, puzzled.

"I am worried about such things only for those whom I love," she replied, placidly.

"As for myself, I don't care what happens, but if you're to be operated upon even for a small abscess, I'd certainly object."

"How true!" I thought. "I would willingly undergo an operation during **Raahu kaalam,** but I wouldn't allow Kamala to do so!"

This may sound illogical under a cold and rational scrutiny, but all that I cared for at that moment was Kamala's safety, even at the expense of being considered irrational. What sort of a strange impulse is it that makes a person so irrational? The good old adage that the heart has its reasons ...?

Observing my silence, Kamala added, "Since I am not worried about it and you don't believe in it, please ask the doctor to stick to the original timing. There's no need to upset his busy schedule."

I felt embarrassed. "No, Kamala," I blurted, "it's all right with the doctor ... er ... there's no need to change the time again."

"Ask the doctor to revert to the original time," she insisted fixing on me a piercing look and stressing every word as she said, "Unless ... unless ... you yourself don't want the operation to be performed during **Raahu kaalam.**"

That stumped me. "Is she taking revenge on me?" I wondered. I wilted under her steady gaze and felt like a small boy. Yes, I stood exposed. I could no longer protect my precious ego.

All right," I admitted, "I confess that I don't want the operation to be performed during that damned time. I too can forget my convictions when a person I love is involved. In my present state of anxiety, having the operation during **Raahu kaalam** appears to be madness. Are you satisfied now?"

Kamala smiled and affectionately squeezed my hand. "Please don't think I wanted to embarrass you or humiliate you," she said in a soft voice. "You're very stubborn and good at hiding your real feelings, but in moments of crisis and anxiety, I longed to know that I was more important to you than your ego. That gives me a lot of confidence to go through the operation, lessens my fear."

Seeing my discomfiture, she added with a mischievous smile, "Don't worry. What happened today shall remain a secret. I'll never tell a soul ... and when I return home, you may continue your tirade against **Raahu kaalam** and all other such superstitions."

Who will ever understand a woman? Even one's own wife? But God bless her. And thanks to avoiding **Raahu kaalam,** my wife returned safely from the hospital!

THE CHAMELEON IT WAS THAT LOST

A chameleon I met one day

As his colours he was changing with gay

Abandon. "Wonderful!" said I

And he proudly gazed at the sky.

"I'm a master colour-changer," croaked he,

"There's none to beat me!"

"Halt," said I,

"There's someone who can make you sigh."

"There's no such person

Under the sun,"

Challenged he, "Prove it if you can

And if you're a man!"

So I took him to that person

Who was giving **darisan**

And, garlanded with flowers,

Was showing his true colours.

"Alas, alas, I concede defeat,"

Cried the chameleon as he saw the feat.

Then with envy he turned green

And hid himself from being seen.

The chameleon sighed and moaned.

"Pray tell me who's this wonderful creature," he groaned,

As from green to orange to red

He turned and in shame hung his head.

"A politician!," I triumphantly gloated,

Pointing to the figure that was bloated,

"Mr. Chameleon, you are beaten

And your words you have eaten!"

Raghunathan

Children by choice, not by chance

An unexpected pregnancy can upset all your careful plans. It's happened too often with others, it's not for you to make the same mistake.

REMEMBER, prevention's better than cure. Don't leave things to chance.

USE NIRODH.

It is a simple, easy device for the male. Available at your neighbourhood chemists or the nearest Family Welfare Centre.

A dependable device to help the man and wife who want a happy life

davp 79/107

EVE TODAY

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

TARA SHASTREE

IMPLEMENTING ADULT EDUCATION PROGRAMMES

As the Director of the Department of Continuing & Adult Education, S.N.D.T. Women's University, Tara Shastree is responsible for implementation of a National Adult Education Programme through the conducted and affiliated colleges of the University. As a preparatory phase for implementation of N.A.E.P., she organised several seminars and workshops for college teachers. Talking about the programmes Tara said, "Unless we give adequate training to staff and students involved in N.A.E.P., effective implementation will not be possible."

Besides N.A.E.P., Tara is also responsible for planning programmes for the Population Education and Continuing Education wings of the Department.

Tara began her career in Bombay in 1949 as a teacher in a high school after obtaining her B.Ed. and M.Ed. degrees. In 1950 she decided to change her field and joined the correctional department of a correctional institution in Bombay as a Deputy Superintendent-cum-Counsellor. In 1954, she left for U.S.A. on a study grant received from the University Women's Federation, and trained in Professional Social Work at Ohio University.

After her return she worked as a Research Officer at the Tata Institute of Social Sciences, Bombay, and as an Inspecting Officer, C.S.W.B., New Delhi.

Later she worked as reader-cum-field work director in the College of Social Work, Nirmala Niketan, a post-graduate school of social work affiliated to the Bombay University, and in 1964, she joined the Karve Institute of Social Service, Pune an institution affiliated to Pune University as a Deputy-Director. She later became the Director of the Institution from 1973 to 1978.

Besides teaching, Tara has done important work as a voluntary worker and as an expert consultant. She has worked on several committees, for example as President of the University Women's Federation, Pune branch, Member, Maharashtra State Jail Advisory Committee, Maharashtra State Committee for Probation and Aftercare, Executive Committee Member of Indian Council for Social Work, and many others.

Besides, Tara has addressed a number of national and state level conferences. She presented a keynote address at a state level seminar to discuss problems of women. Her address was on "Women and Development."

As an academician, she has undertaken several projects to study social problems. She undertook an interesting project on "Unmarried Mothers in Maharashtra" — a case study — and a socio-economic study of women prisoners in the State of Maharashtra. The data for the study on unwed mothers was collected from all over Maharashtra. 305 cases were studied from Konkan, Greater Bombay, Khandesh, Vidarbha and Marathwada.

The study was devoted to examining the factors that contributed to a girl becoming an unwed mother. The findings revealed that most unwed mothers are in the group of 17 to 21 years which is a critical age in sexual maturity. Another significant finding was that most of the cases had unhappy childhoods and strained relations with parents. Based on the findings, Tara made the following observation: "Educating the parents is only one side of the problem. On the other hand, we need to impart sex education to our children."

The second study, on women prisoners in Maharashtra State "who have committed offences against persons," brought out very interesting findings. This is perhaps the first study of its kind in Maharashtra. Tara interviewed about 300 women prisoners in Nasik, Yeravada, Bombay and Nagpur. The study was completed after one and a half years and the report has been accepted for publication by the Central Institute of Correctional Services. Talking about the study Tara said, "The study showed that most of the women came from deprived families, or where there are unhappy living conditions in married life — difficult in-laws, male members indulging in anti-social activities, and acute poverty. Most of them are illiterate."

Her research showed that these women were disowned by their families once they were behind bars, and they had no hope of going back and being accepted into the family. She interviewed and studied mostly those who committed infanticide and murder. Infanticide was committed by women who were victims of extra marital relations, acute poverty, and ill-treatment by in-laws and husbands.

Tara went on to say that women prisoners have no proper training facilities in prisons, and after-care and counselling are totally lacking.

Based on her U.S. experience, Tara made a comparative study of western and Indian women and said, "In the U.S., they have a scientific approach to work with women prisoners. Their facilities like clinical services training programmes and after care are very well planned as compared to the prison conditions in India. But of course the socio-economic conditions of prisoners in the U.S. and India are similar, though literacy level is slightly higher in the U.S."

Tara is an eloquent speaker both in English and Marathi. As an emancipated woman, she strongly feels that the Indian woman must have a better status. She believes in this very vehemently, and can speak on this very convincingly to womenfolk in slum areas or to a group of women scientists.

Tara, with her warm smile, genuine affection, and frank nature can win friends easily, which is an important asset in the kind of valuable work she is doing.

Kamala Kumar

COTTON CALL

LEFT : **For the young enchantresses** — a yell
are interspersed with geometrical print in b
paisley enhances the border and pallav edge

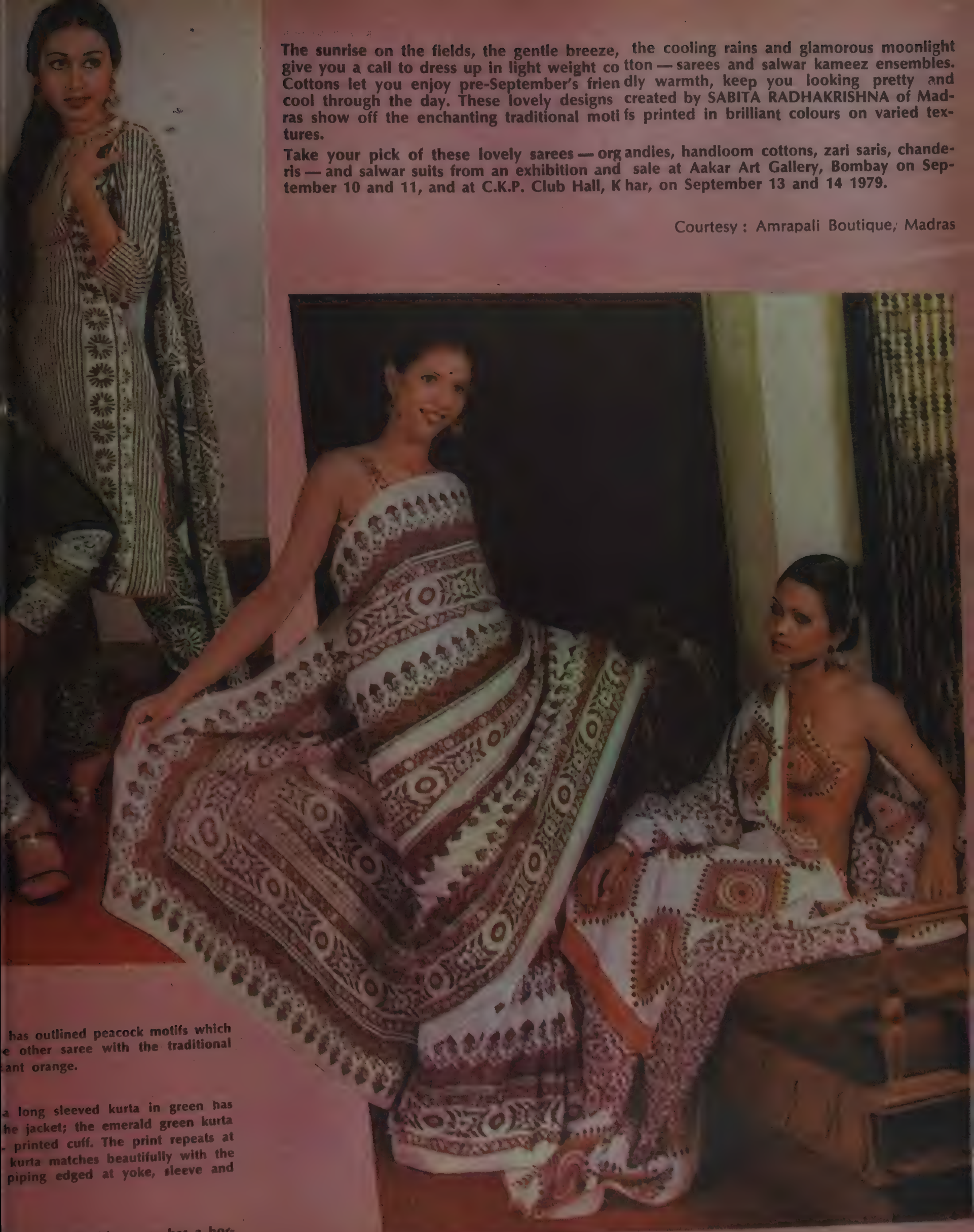
CENTRE: Three lovely ensembles for the eve
paisley motifs printed at the skirt which repea
with dolman sleeves is caught at wrist with
the salwar 'pacha' and dupatta; while the
geometrical printed churidars and dupatta.
hem edge.

RIGHT: For those glamour occasions by day o
der print all over in shades of

The sunrise on the fields, the gentle breeze, the cooling rains and glamorous moonlight give you a call to dress up in light weight cotton — sarees and salwar kameez ensembles. Cottons let you enjoy pre-September's friendly warmth, keep you looking pretty and cool through the day. These lovely designs created by SABITA RADHAKRISHNA of Madras show off the enchanting traditional motifs printed in brilliant colours on varied textures.

Take your pick of these lovely sarees — organdies, handloom cottons, zari saris, chanderis — and salwar suits from an exhibition and sale at Aakar Art Gallery, Bombay on September 10 and 11, and at C.K.P. Club Hall, Khar, on September 13 and 14 1979.

Courtesy : Amrapali Boutique, Madras



has outlined peacock motifs which
e other saree with the traditional
ant orange.

a long sleeved kurta in green has
he jacket; the emerald green kurta
printed cuff. The print repeats at
kurta matches beautifully with the
piping edged at yoke, sleeve and

ght — an off-white saree has a bor-

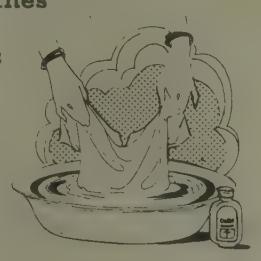
Germs spread sickness. Sickness spreads germs.

Where does it end?

The vicious cycle of infection and re-infection can be broken when you take special measures. Here is a check-list to protect your family when there is sickness in your home.

Use Dettol to wash the patient's clothes

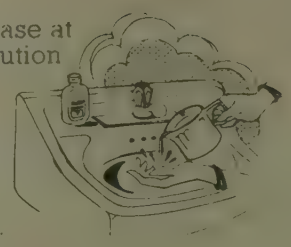
Soak the patient's clothes and bed linen in a solution of Dettol. Dettol kills dangerous germs on contact to help disinfect the clothes.



Use Dettol for personal hygiene

In the case of a highly infectious disease at home, wash your hands in a Dettol solution after you come in contact with the patient and before you come in contact with the rest of your family.

For bed-ridden patients, sponging with a mild solution of Dettol can help keep the patient clean and fresh.

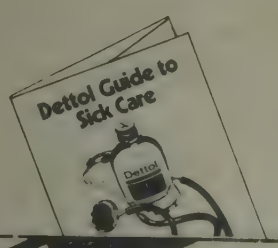


Use Dettol to wash the patient's crockery

Soak all the plates, glasses and cutlery used by the patient in a solution of Dettol. Rinse them in running water afterwards. Take special care to ensure that the patient's thermometer is also disinfected in a Dettol solution.

Use Dettol to disinfect rooms

Germs tend to linger on the walls, floors and furniture of the patient's room. Spray the room with a solution of Dettol. Remember to wipe the floors with the Dettol solution regularly. Dettol's powerful germicidal action helps make the environment safe for the rest of the family.



FREE!

Write in for our free booklet **"Guide to sick care"**

Consumer Information Service
Reckitt & Colman of India Ltd
GPO Box 909, Calcutta-1

Dettol protects

Trusted by doctors for over 40 years

TINTAS DTL 8 305

HEART TO HEART

Confide your personal problems to Dr. Mahinder Watsa, c/o Eve's Weekly. Dr. Watsa is a leading sex and marriage counsellor and will answer your queries every fortnight

SHE IS FRUSTRATED

My husband and I used to play tennis and go swimming together, but ever since he has become a Manager he has stopped all this. He has no time for me. He is even losing his vigour and interest in sex which makes me very frustrated. Most of the time he is entertaining or being entertained, or he watches the T.V. What should I do?

Unfortunately your husband is suffering from a syndrome — many executives suffer from this much to the detriment of their home life. Modern living is gradually reducing our efficiency as sexual partners by lessening our physical fitness. Our life is very sedentary — we are either sitting, driving, discussing or watching T.V. As a result the muscles lack stamina, vigour and neuro-muscular co-ordination, and this affects sexual performance.

I feel your problem can be solved by having a heart to heart talk with him on the subject of your sexual and physical life together. Do suggest to him to keep healthy in every respect and that he should spare time for exercise — be it walking, jogging, yoga or swimming. You should also choose some activity so that "togetherness" can increase, which will lead to better understanding between you.

NO TIME FOR HIS WIFE

CONTRACEPTIVE PRECAUTIONS

I am deeply in love with a young man. We cannot afford to rent a room nor do we have enough money to buy one. We cannot get married for another two years at least. Both of us cannot restrain ourselves any longer and want to have sex, but I am afraid of pregnancy. Please advise.

You have not mentioned your age, but I presume both of you are adults who have carefully thought over the matter and then reached the decision to enjoy sex. Since I presume that opportunities for intimacy will occur only off and on, it is best that the man use a condom.

Many types are available in the market, but I would recommend a lubricated condom. Most unmarried men feel embarrassed to go to a shop and ask for it but gradually get over this.

You or he should always carry them and always use a new one for every occasion. Should the rare occasion arise when you are without them, it is best to postpone the act. If this is impossible, then the man nearing the completion of the act, should discharge outside. This is known as coitus interruptus. But remember that even a few sperms entering the vagina during the act can cause conception. I am not trying to scare you, but I have seen a lot of couples undergoing great emotional tension because they failed to be careful.

Many couples have been advised menstrual regulation or abortion — both are legal, safe and sure. In some rare cases the couple was advised to have a child and then to give it for adoption.

The Pill would be advisable if sexual relations are regular and frequent and if both of you do not like the condom. But you should consult a doctor before starting on the Pill.

WOMEN IN FOCUS

SADHANA GHOSE

CYBERNETICS IN RURAL DEVELOPMENT

Anyone who has learnt how to systematically control and communicate information could be of immense use to any government — for good or for bad.

Fortunately for us, Sadhana Ghose, who is doing her Ph.D. in Cybernetics, the system of communication and control of information, at Brunel University, UK, plans to use her knowledge for rural development in India.

Sadhana, who has worked on research projects in India, feels that there is no need for further research in rural communication; what we need is to apply the research already done.

"No development project can be entirely successful unless the people who are supposed to benefit feel that it is important to their lives," says Sadhana. "They must get the idea that they are participating in the project. For this, a proper system of communications is important. A sustained mass media input covering radio, film, large village newspapers would help.

"But all this is totally absent. Even the existing facilities aren't being used. The official PRO at the District level is only involved in ministerial visits, and work like that.

"The man who is supposed to benefit from the Government's development projects finds that his life hasn't changed at all, and hence feels no interest in them. There has to be two-way communication. But the Government has only just begun to realize the importance of systematic communication in rural development."

This was the only difference she found between the situation

seven years back, when she had done research in nutrition education with CARE, India, and now, on her recent tour to rural Madhya Pradesh. "There was no improvement. The traditional media still concentrates on religious communication. Only, now there is more talk in official circles about the need for communication."

Sadhana's theoretical training has often been made more effective by the practical experience of the villagers, who know better what would work in their environment. For example, in Morena Bhind, MP, she found that most daughters don't go out of their house, hence reaching all of them together proved to be a problem. One of the villagers, Mohur Singh, suggested the simple solution of getting an old woman of the village to collect them and take charge of them for the required period of time, as she would be trusted by their parents.

Sadhana feels that the lot of information extension workers has to be improved. They should be provided with facilities like bicycle loans, more projectors, posters, and other publicity equipment. Also, they must be given an integrated education covering agriculture, health and education.

Sadhana's research projects have included research on Broadcasting, and Immigrant Workers in EEC countries, and research on Human Rights in Communication Teaching and Training in India, on behalf of the International Film and TV Council, UNESCO, and research on the legal aspects of Cable TV in the EEC on behalf of the Polytechnic of Central London, School of Communication.

PINEAPPLE TEMPTERS

Premila Lal

FRUITS IN GENERAL ADD A PIQUANT TOUCH TO ANY MEAL OF THE DAY — REFRESHING AT BREAKFAST, ZESTFUL AS AN ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE MAIN DISH AND DELICIOUSLY WELCOMED FOR DESSERTS.

PINEAPPLE IS RICH IN VITAMIN C AND ITS TANGY JUICE CAN BE SERVED AS A CHILLED, COOLING DRINK.

IT CAN BE ADAPTED FOR USE IN MANY WAYS AND CAN BE COMBINED WITH MEAT AND POULTRY AND MAKES A VARIETY OF TASTY DESSERTS AS WELL.

PINEAPPLE WITH RUM AND WHITE WINE

1 large fresh pineapple
1 cup sugar
¼ cup light rum
1 cup white wine (optional)

Cut top from the pineapple and remove pulp, leaving a hollow shell, or half the pineapple lengthwise. Dice pulp and return it to the shell in layers alternately with the sugar. Pour over fruit the rum and white wine. Chill for 2 hours before serving. Serves 4 to 6. If the wine has been omitted use more rum if desired.

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN CAKE

8 slices pineapple
3 tbsps. butter
1 cup sugar
1 cup flour, sifted
1 tbsp. baking powder
1/8 tsp. salt
2 eggs
½ tsp. vanilla essence
1 cup whipped cream
1/8 tsp. almonds essence

Cream the butter and sugar then blend in the eggs. Stir in the flour gradually with the baking powder and salt and blend to a smooth batter. Add the vanilla essence. Butter a casserole and place the pineapple slices at the bottom. Pour the batter over the fruit and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour. Serve with the whipped cream, flavoured with the almond essence.

COORGI PINEAPPLE CURRY

1 large pineapple
8 dry red chillis
1 tbsp. coriander seeds
2 cups water
1 large onion
1 tbsp. ghee
Lemon-sized ball of jaggery

Grind the red chillis and coriander seeds to a paste, adding a little water while grinding. Cut the ripe, juicy pineapple into ¾ inch cubes. Slice the onion. Heat the ghee in a saucepan, and fry the onion until golden

brown. Then add the pineapple cubes and the masala paste. Cook for 5 minutes. Add jaggery, 2 cups water and salt to taste. Lower heat and cook till the gravy thickens. Serve hot, with either rice or chappatis.

PINEAPPLE PULLAO

2 cups rice
2 fresh pineapples or 1 large tin pineapple bits
2 cups sugar
½ cup ghee
1 tbsp. powdered garam masala
A few almonds
½ tsp. saffron (soaked in ½ cup warm milk)

Clean and cut the pineapple into small pieces, and sprinkle with the sugar. Cook on a low flame with ½ cup of water till the water and sugar form a thick syrup. If tinned pineapple is used, take 1 cup of the sugar and add to the syrup from the tin and cook till thin (without the pineapple pieces).
Fry the garam masala in the ghee. Add the washed rice and stir for a few minutes. Add boiling water upto 1 inch above the rice, and salt to taste. Cook, for about 20 minutes. Stir in the pineapple and the syrup. Grind the almonds and add to the saffron and milk. Sprinkle over the rice. Place over a low flame for a few minutes. Stir and serve.

PINEAPPLE HALWA

1 kg pineapple
250 grams unsweetened khoya
500 grams sugar
½ cup rose water
6 cardamoms

Grate the pineapple and keep the juice aside.

Put the pineapple, pineapple juice and sugar in a pan and cook over a low flame until thick. Add the rose water and the khoya and mix well. Continue to cook over a low flame, stirring constantly until it becomes very thick. Pour onto a greased dish. Sprinkle with cardamoms and allow to cool. Cut into squares before serving.

CHICKEN LIVER WITH PINEAPPLE

450 grams chicken livers
Soya bean sauce
¼ cup groundnut oil
4 slices pineapple, diced
½ cup cashewnuts, chopped

FOR THE SAUCE:

1¼ cups pineapple juice
¼ cup vinegar
¼ tsp. salt
¼ cup sugar
½ tsp. chilli powder
2 tbsps. cornflour

Cut the chicken livers in half. Dip them in soya bean sauce and brown them quickly in the groundnut oil. Add the chunk of pineapple and the cashewnuts. Cook over medium low heat for about 5 minutes. Mix the pineapple juice, vinegar, and sugar together in another pan. Season with salt, and chilli and cook over medium heat until the mixture just comes to the boil. Blend a little of the hot mixture to the cornflour and stir into the rest of the sauce. Cook until thick and combine with the chicken livers. Cook 1 minute longer and serve over rice or noodles.

SWEET SOUR PORK AND PINEAPPLE

250 grams cooked lean pork
5 tbsps. pineapple pieces
3 tbsps. capsicum, chopped
2 onions
1 tbsp. tomato puree
1 tsp. sugar
1 teacup stock
1 teacup vinegar (white)
1 tbsp. cornflour
3 ripe tomatoes, chopped
2 green chillis finely sliced
Salt to taste
2 tbsps. groundnut oil

Chop the meat into ½-inch pieces. Heat a teaspoon of oil, brown for a couple of minutes. Remove meat pieces and keep aside. Add another teaspoon of oil to the pan and fry chopped onions till tender but not brown. Remove from heat and blend in the tomato puree, sugar, salt and the stock. Return to heat, add vinegar. Blend cornflour with 2 tbsp. water and add to the tomato sauce stirring constantly. Add capsicum, tomatoes and pineapple and cook for 2 minutes. Add chillis and meat and cook for 2-3 minutes. Serve with noodles.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

KANNADA — 3

In response to request from readers, we now give you equivalent terms in various languages, to clip and keep for your record.

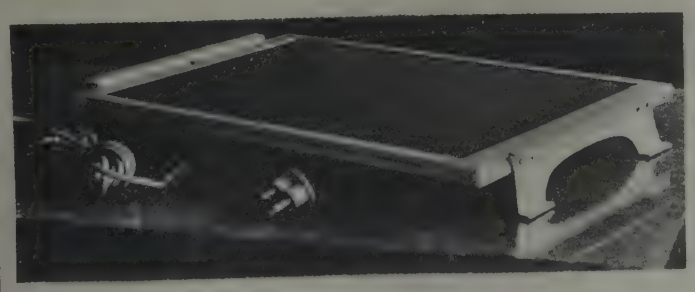
SPICES, CONDIMENTS AND NUTS

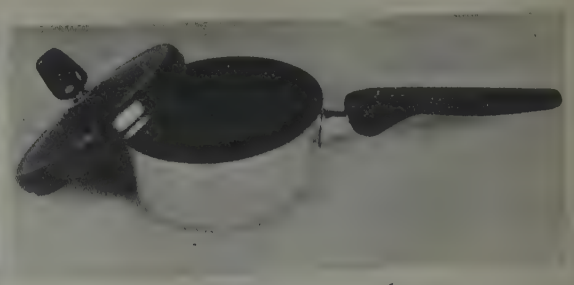
Aniseeds — Oma
Asafoetida — Hingu
Dry ginger — Ona shoonti
Mustard seeds — Saasive
Nutmeg — Jaaikaai
Poppy seeds — Kaskase
Pomogranate — Daalimba
Cardamoms — Elakki
Cinnamon — Daalchini
Cloves — Lavanga
Cummin Seeds — Jeerige
Fenugreek seeds — Menthe
Mango powder — Maavinkai pudi
Sesame seeds — Ellu
Tamarind — Hunsehannu
Saffron — Kesari
Pepper corns — Kaalu Menasu
Raisins — Ona draakshi
Coconut — Tenginakaai
Jaggery — Bella
Groundnuts — Nelakadale
Almonds — Baadaamu
Cashewnuts — Geribeeja
Walnuts — Acrote
Pistachios — Pista
Sultanas — Kappu draakshi

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS

The Cookery Queen for the month of September will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00.

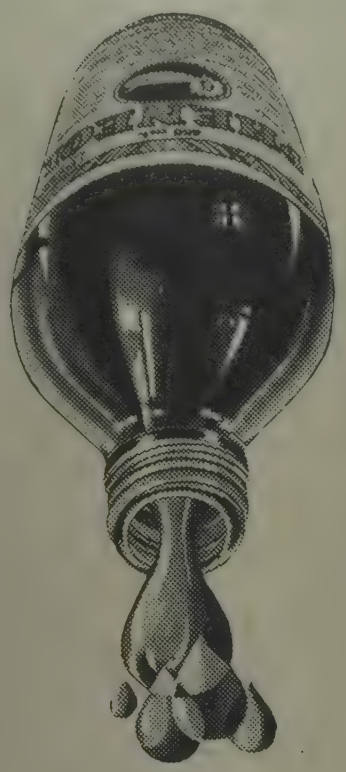
1)A non-stick coated Saucepan from **TRUPTI INDUSTRIES,** 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from **WEIKFIELD,** and 3) LIFELONG Food Warmer, Popular — model 625 x 365 x 65 mm from **TRADING ENGINEERS,** New Delhi.





So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

A few drops a day keep the germs away!



Bengal Chemical's

LAMP BRAND

PHENEOL

- Concentrated disinfectant : a few drops (enough to turn a bucketful of water white) kill millions of germs. Maximum results at a minimum expense !
- Strong odour repels cockroaches, flies, ants and similar household pests. Also counters offensive smells !
- Ideal for use in homes, hospitals, clinics, public utilities, offices, factories and other industrial establishments.
- Available in 450 ml. bottle and new presentable 5 litre tin.

Bengal Chemical's PHENEOL

the concentrated disinfectant

that has stood the test of time.

BENGAL CHEMICAL & PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS LD.
(Management under Government of India)

ASP/BC-1/78

The New MIRROR has exciting features

- **Famous Murders:** Butchery of the innocent babes.
- **Sports:** Cricket Captains on Captaincy. Ajit Wadekar in this issue.
- **Solutions to personal problems:** You ask it! A well known psychoanalyst solves it.
- **Fix-It-Yourself:** Learn to tackle minor repairs around the house.
- **HOW TO COMBAT DEMONS!** What you can do to prevent a psychic attack and to combat demonic possession.
- **HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL AT JOB INTERVIEWS!** Little-known secrets on how to get a better job.
- **Plus other new features.**

In the September Issue of

MIRROR

INCENTIVE

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Miss Julekha Meman, Goa.

EGG KABABS

4 eggs
1 tbsp. chilli powder
2 onions, finely chopped
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chop-
Salt to taste
Ghee for frying

Make a small hole on the top of each raw egg. Extract yoke and whites. Take care not to break the entire egg. Mix well the yolks and whites with chilli powder, chopped onions, coriander leaves and salt. Fill this mixture in the hollow eggs, carefully. Close the opening with a flour paste. Boil enough water in dekchi. Slowly dip each egg in the boiling water. Boil for 10 mins. Remove from the fire and cool. Remove the egg shells. Now heat some ghee and fry the balls till light brown. Serve hot with chilli or tomato sauce.

Mrs. Hema Chinai, Bombay.

BAKED MUSHROOMS

1 big can button mushrooms
2 bunches spinach
½ cup tomato puree
1 big onion, chopped
Salt and pepper to taste
100 grams cooking cheese, grated

FOR THE WHITE SAUCE:

3 tbsps. butter
½ cup flour
¾ pint milk

Clean and wash the spinach thoroughly. Add 1 tablespoon of water and cook the spinach on a slow flame till it softens. Make a puree.

Saute the onion till golden brown. Add spinach and tomato pure and season to taste.

FOR THE WHITE SAUCE:
Melt the butter. Add the flour and milk. Stir continuously. Boil till it is thick.
Drain the mushrooms and remove bad portions if any. Grease an oven-proof dish. Spread spinach puree, arrange the mushrooms keeping rounded side up and pour the white sauce over the mushrooms. Sprinkle cooking cheese and dot with butter. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, or till the top is brown and bubbly. Serve hot.

Mrs. Nita Mirpuri, Madras.

YAM PUDDING

250 grams yam
150 grams macaroni
4 onions
4 tomatoes
1" piece ginger
3 green chillis
1 bunch coriander leaves
2 tbsps. coriander powder
1 tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. garam masala
Salt to taste
1 tbsp. oil
3 eggs

Chop the yam into very small pieces. Chop the onions, tomatoes, ginger, chillis and coriander leaves separately. Wash and deep fry the yam. Keep aside. Fry the onions to golden brown. Add the chopped ginger, green chillis, coriander leaves and tomatoes. Fry for 5 minutes. Add one cup of water and cover the dekchi. Cook on slow heat till the water dries up. Add the dry ingredients and the fried yam pieces. Add water if necessary and cook on slow heat till done. Cool and keep aside. Boil the macaroni in salted water. Drain. Now beat the eggs. Add the boiled macaroni and the beaten eggs in the cooked yam. Put the complete mixture in a greased baking dish and bake in a preheated oven for 15 to 20 minutes till done. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

WEEKLY WINNER

NANDA JHALA, Jodhpur.

Miss Jhala wins Rs 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

GUTHA CURRY

FOR THE GUTHAS :

½ kg gram flour
1 tbsp. oil
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. red chillis
1 tsp. black pepper
½ tsp. garam masala
Coriander leaves, chopped

GRIND TO A PASTE:

1 medium size onion, chopped
8-10 cloves garlic
1" piece ginger
Salt, coriander, red chillis, turmeric powder according to taste
5 tomatoes

Mix the gram flour with salt, chillis, pepper and cummin seeds. Add oil and knead to a little hard dough. Make 1 cm thickness rolls, out of this dough. Put them into boiling water. Boil till you see whitish grains on the rolls. Remove from water and cut into 1 cm pieces. Keep the water aside for the gravy. Heat ghee in a karahi. Fry these pieces light brown. Keep them aside. Now lightly fry the ground masala in little ghee. Add the tomatoes and fry well till ghee separates. Add the fried guthas and add the left aside water as required. Put half teaspoon of garam masala and coriander leaves. Serve hot.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

Rose Noire

Pepper Shine

Rich Chocolate

Maple Shine

Rose Noire

Pepper Shine

Rich Chocolate

Maple Shine

LIPS BY MAX FACTOR

Free Lip Brush when you buy 2 lipsticks. Offer open until stocks last.

From the beautiful world of Max Factor

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

India is a multi-racial country and cohesion between the different sections of society is vitally important for its growth and development. Fanaticism and communalism are the two potent dangers to a society like ours. They not only jeopardize national unity but also disturb the peaceful atmosphere. This in turn causes tension and acrimony among the different communities.

Much has been said about Hindu-Muslim unity on various public platforms. But it is quite unfortunate that a concerted effort has never been made to find a viable and practical solution to the problem. Consequently, the phrase Hindu-Muslim unity has become more of a moth eaten cliche than an incentive to social transformation.

WANTED: A Muslim Bride

At a time when the country is set on the path of economic rejuvenation and social transformation, it is quite necessary that the progressive elements in society should set a trend for accelerating the process of social amity through their personal efforts and their life patterns. It is with this perspective in mind that I seek the participation of the country's youth in bringing forth Hindu-Muslim unity by a drastic overhaul of existing social prejudices and traditions. Example is better than precept. In pursuance of the above philosophy I wish to marry a Muslim girl.

Hindu-Muslim marriages can serve as an effective beginning towards the realisation of communal unity. Young girls and boys should take a lead in starting this crusade. The intellectuals can boost the morale of these young citizens by supporting such initiatives, and the press and other media can reinforce such efforts by highlighting them in their columns.

It is a fact that inter-communal marriages are genetically very sound as the offspring is expected to carry the healthy strains of the parents coming from diverse stock. This is evident in the U.S. where identities of many racial groups have been integrated into a very healthy society.

It is said that it is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness. If some young men can persuade themselves to grow out of their traditional prejudices against inter-communal marriages then this can be an effective first step towards racial harmony.

Dinesh Kumar Chowdhry

WE WELCOME READERS' VIEWS ON THIS SUBJECT.

LOOKING BEYOND THE COLOUR BAR

When I view this world through my sixteen-year-old eyes, I find it in a sorry state. The degrees of contrast are so far apart that the realisation tends to confound me. While man is preparing to meet Martians and whatnots, he cannot even go beyond the colour bar. If earth can produce different shades of white, black and yellow men, then other planets may have green and blue and purple complexioned men. Is it really possible that they would be welcomed with a red carpet and a full piece stereo band?

'Modern' men and women should know that colour depends on geographical surroundings more than it does on genetics. Africans are black due to over-exposure to the sun. If a white-skinned person lives in Africa, he will acquire a tan and seem darker than he was. If an Indian 'brown' goes to England, he too will become paler than he was, due to lack of sunshine. An excess of natural elements or lack of them can change a person's colour.

Come to think of it, I'm very happy with my colour. What's so good about a white skin? It looks so very pale. I think brown looks much healthier and equally, if not more, attractive. If your friend or lover goes only by your colour then he's not worth associating with. Professing pride in your colour is not to be done pathetically but honestly, and with your head held high. Say 'boo' to a person who gets stuck on colour and can't cross the bar without all his prejudices.

Beyond the coloured skin lies a person's bare brain. Psychologists say that people belonging to the same age-group and receiving the same education have a similar I.Q., irrespective of their colour. To move ahead with the world and beyond it, intelligence and not colour is required. It is high time we realized this and removed these colossal obstacles from the path of progress.

According to the foremost geneticists, blacks and browns and whites possess within them the same pigments, the same skin-colouring elements, exactly the same red blood. Then what creates the difference in their skin-shading which so affects their lives? The decisive factor is a particle that cannot even be seen by the naked eye, and is called a gene.

To create a human life requires two factors — a male sperm so minute that a hundred million sperms can be counted in a single drop of seminal fluid, and an egg so tiny that it is smaller than a typewritten period on a printed page. Both this liquid drop and period-sized egg contain something even smaller called chromosomes and they, in turn, contain something yet smaller called genes which influence a child's characteristics including skin colour. And so the dominating factor of skin colour finally boils down to no more than a slight shake and blend of genes, left to Lady Luck.

Arguments based on this luck-initiated business of colour makes this world a tragic place to live in. Colour does not affect you in any way unless you let it. It has no influence on your life until you let it sway either your past, present or your future. So rise from under your colour and let your true self shine.

Aditi Chadha

TOPS HOME SCIENCE COURSE

19-year-old Kanta Mohta topped the list in the B.Sc. Home Science Course conducted by Nirmala Niketan, Bombay, when she obtained a First Class with Distinction and bagged the Motiben Devidas Desai Gold Medal, the Malti Jayant Dalal University Prize and the Avanbai Jeejeebhoy Muncherjee Jeejeebhoy Scholarship.

Kanta was a student of Birla Balika Vidya Mandir, Bombay, and participated in several table-tennis tournaments.

Her hobbies include cooking, embroidery and handicrafts.

When you want a battery to last

ask for Toshiba Anand first

It's yours for the asking. Unique TWO WAY PROTECTION which no other battery gives.

Toshiba Anand's tamperproof Factory Seal guarantees you all 100% of the power we pack into our batteries. While it's Metal Jacket guards against leakage and corrosion.

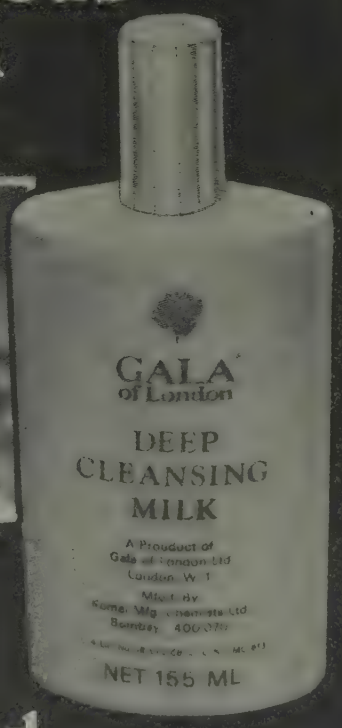
It all adds up to more usable power. Hour after hour. The first battery to really last. Toshiba Anand.

Toshiba ANAND

GUARANTEES 100% POWER

HEADSTART / TA / 7976

Dirt in skin pores causes serious complexion problems.



GALA® of London Moisturised Deep Cleansing Milk

REMOVES DIRT, KEEPS YOUR SKIN ALWAYS FRESH AND CLEAN!

The ideal children's magazine

Balvihar

Rich in culture & entertainment

- A wonderful gift for children.
- A gift filled with stories, comics, general knowledge, puzzles, riddles and jokes,
- Writing and painting contests, including a pen pals & sports column. Your child will simply love it !

SUBSCRIPTION RATES :

- **Rs. 15-00 for one year (12 copies)**
- **Rs. 28-00 for two years.**
- **Rs. 40-00 for three years.**
- **Foreign-one year AIRMAIL $ 10**
  SEA MAIL $ 4

Send name, age and address along with CHEQUE/M. O. to :

CENTRAL CHINMAYA MISSION TRUST
Powai park drive, Bombay-400 072

(If gift subscription mention from whom and the message)

HI YA HONEY!

By an Alves called Johnnie

TO GOA by BUS IN 14 HOURS— by AIR IN 18

I went to Goa recently, the land of swaying palms and swinging hips. I went to Panjim to compere a New Year dance. I have given up compering, but the lure of two free air tickets and three days' stay in Goa was too much to resist. Why was I not born with a stronger will?

The last time I visited Goa was by bus and I had enjoyed the journey. This time I thought the journey by air would be even more enjoyable. I should have walked. I had made another bad decision. I had taken my wife along and she kept reminding me at regular intervals that she had advised me against the trip to Goa.

We left the luxury of our home at 12 noon to catch the IC 169 at Santa-Cruz airport, scheduled to leave at 2.30 P.M. "If you don't check before 1.30 P.M. we are not responsible for the seat." At about 2.15 P.M. IAC put on a record which played, "Ladies and Gentlemen Indian Airlines regrets to announce the delay in the departure of their flight IC 169. The delay, at present, will be around two hours." The words "at present" indicated to me that the record would be played again.

I must hand it to the IAC officials. They never say the plane will be delayed for six hours and make you miserable. They announce the delay of two hours twice thus spreading the misery over a longer period of time. We finally left at 6.30 P.M. When I reached the top of the ramp, I saw what looked like a stone statue with folded arms. It was the air-hostess. I think her face muscles must have been undergoing a technical snag, for she did not smile at all. Half a glass of orange juice and forty minutes later we landed at Dabolin airport. The airport at Goa certainly sports a rural atmosphere — kerosene flares lit up the runway.

It's better to travel by coach from the airport than by taxi. If you know the local lingo, the cabbie charges you double, if you don't, then the sky is the limit. The cab drivers don't want to be bothered with meters. They have done away with them. The cabby is an obliging fellow. He stops at any pub if you request him and even joins you in a drink. My cabby suggested a cosy little bar where "the fish is fresh and drinks cheaper." We stopped for a tot of feni. While leaving the bar, his wife behind the counter handed him his lunch-box with a smile.

By and large Goan hospitality is something to remember. If you do not normally drink, you are expected to have at least two pegs. If you do drink, you must join him and finish the bottle.

I was very happy when I saw large posters making me out to be the best compere in Bombay, but my ego was short lived. A rival dance across the street had advertised Albuquerque de Viegas, the best compere in India.

Who says we don't yet have a cure for colds? Ask any Goan and he'll tell you — two large pegs of feni, two spoons of sugar heated for about 30 seconds and it knocks the daylights out of your cold. The fact that it knocks you off too is another story. The average Goan has music in his blood and rhythm in his feet. There's nothing he likes better than dancing, except of course his feni. On New Year's Day they danced till 8 A.M.

Honey, the return journey was another nightmare. The IAC Coach left one hour late. Once at the airport, the IAC officials played the delay record twice. It meant a delay of four hours. Refreshments were served and while we were regaling ourselves with Bogomolo's Milk Bread camouflaged to look like sandwiches, and two hard boiled eggs without salt and pepper, the plane landed.

Hindi announcements are not common at Dabolin airport. So the English one with a Konkani accent went something like this: "Ladies and gentlemen, IAC flight number one five ZORRO is now ready to take off. Please go in for your sickurity chick." We rushed in to pick the best. Until next time then.

THE PAVEMENT CLUB

Continued from Page 21

sibility. To people who really need help, they are so different and gentle," says Heera. One day they brought in a very sick boy. With some of the older boys, Heera took him in a taxi to Mother Teresa's home in Byculla, 'Ashadan', where he died a few days later. In the home they saw many children and decided to use money they had collected to buy sweets for them then they helped to clean up and sat around and played with the children.

"They have tremendous depth as people and are very responsive in returning love," says Heera. "They are giving us as much as we have given them. They want to change but don't know how to, they need guidance."

There are no "dos and don'ts" in the Pavement Club. Yet some of the children have given up smoking and drinking. Others would rather smoke outside than in the club house.

The Pavement Club is perhaps the only one of its kind in Bombay. But surely we need a hundred such Pavement Clubs. There are innumerable people with goodwill, ability and money who can start something similar in their own localities. There is however one problem — of people having a very irrational fear of these children.

How does one overcome that? I asked Mrs. Dev. "When I first came here I was terrified that I would catch some terrible disease, that I would be stabbed or robbed. But believe me, I have done this for the last five years, and all that has happened is that I once got a flea. If you had come here three years ago, you would have seen savages fighting for food. Today they sit on their mats, wash and pray before a meal, help serve, and wash up plates afterwards. Most of the time they behave the way they do because they have not known anything else. Today if a child sees me standing he will bring a chair and say 'Mummy sit.' This thought had never entered his head before until he saw others doing it."

For these children the Pavement Club is a refuge of love and warmth in an otherwise harsh existence. They respond to you if you identify with them. Like every human being, they too want to be treated with respect, which when received, is returned a hundredfold.

As I left the club without saying goodbye to any of the children — they were all so busy eating their supper — I thought of how much I had enjoyed meeting these children and longed to be able to do something more for them. Suddenly a little boy rushed out after me and said, "Didi, come back next Friday." I was so taken aback, all I could manage was to gulp, "Thank you" and he rushed back inside. Beneath the roughness I caught a glimpse of sensitive and affectionate hearts.

BEAUTY

BEAUTY AFTER 40

WORRIED ABOUT THE CHANGES AFTER 40? DON'T LOSE HEART, FOR LIFE CAN BEGIN AT 40 IF YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF

Years ago when a woman reached the age of 40, she was either considered "over the hill" or not worth noticing, but with the advent of science and modern cosmetics plus a revolutionary approach to the process of ageing, a woman can actually start living at 40. It is often said (and it could well be true nowadays) that women get flirty at 30 and their life begins at 40. And why not? So, just because you are heading for the half century of your life everything should not grind to a halt. There is no need to lose heart and feel that you are "past it"! Sit back and think what will be the changes after your fortieth birthday and what you can do to live with them and continue to enjoy life.

Let's take the body first. If you haven't been an active outdoor type, then your body is already sagging. Before it gets any worse, start simple exercise to tone up the muscles of the abdomen, bust, arms, hips, waist, legs and face. After 30, no matter how little you eat, your body begins to gradually put on weight and if you are not careful then, by the time you reach 50, it will be a perpetual battle of the bulge. Simple exercises like touching the toes, sit-ups and jogging on the spot or skipping should be done every day.

You should be careful about what you eat. By all means eat every thing, but try to eat within limits. Don't overeat because your eating habits of yesteryears cannot be continued.

Your skin will show your age first. As the years go by, the natural balance of the skin, which is a combination of natural oils and moisture, begins to change. This protective covering is gradually destroyed due to excessive washing of the face with soap for many years. If the natural balance is disturbed then the skin gets dry, flaky and becomes prone to infection. Applying a good nourishing cream at night and using a gentle moisturiser during the day, will help the skin to retain its natural balance.

Facial muscles should be given as much importance as your body muscles. Try massaging your face gently using upward strokes. Massage under the chin to strengthen the lower muscles to avoid a double chin. Simple facial exercises like puffing out cheeks and sucking in the cheeks help to maintain a smooth facial skin. Rotating your head from left to right and vice versa will prevent a double chin. Lying on your stomach and lifting your head up will also exercise the neck and smoothen your chin. A facial taken once a month will also help. A gentle upward massage, moving your finger tips from chin to eyes, will prevent the facial muscles from sagging. Do this daily.

Menopause sets in after 40 and the body experiences various changes due to the drop in the estrogen level. A regular check-up with your doctor will ensure that your hormone level is back to normal. Remember, estrogen, the vital female hormone, is needed to keep the female body going. A slight drop in the level can cause several bodily disorders as well as mental changes which have often disturbed women and driven them to seek wrong medication. Till your body is used to the new low level of estrogen, you must compensate it with outside help.

Make-up is definitely on your list, but it has to be more subtle. In fact, you must try to maintain a dignified look. For a woman may look sexy at 20 and flirty at 30, but at 40, she acquires that certain sophistication. Use lipstick and nail polish in warm colours. And soft tones for your eye make-up and foundation.

Your hair will turn grey and then white and there is absolutely nothing you can do to prevent this except dyeing it. If you can't face yourself in the mirror with grey hair, only then go in for dyeing. But actually the mellow "salt and pepper" hair colour is far more attractive. If you prefer your hair in its natural condition then see that it is styled to suit you. The older one gets, the simpler should be the hairstyle. The long swinging Garbo Flip may be attractive for your daughter but for you it is the neat, well-cut style. If you must dye your hair, then select a colour that resembles your original hair colour as far as possible. Don't attempt any stark changes till you are absolutely sure that your personality can take it and also your looks.

No matter what is in vogue, do not try and dress younger than your age nor wear clothes that will make you look older than your age. Aim for the smart, sleek, chic look. Clothes are the most important aspect of your overall look. The way you dress can add elegance to your appearance or make you an eyesore. Leave the Teen Look for the teenagers and go in for style and cut in your clothes, rather than flounces and frills. If you still weigh and measure the same as when you were 21, then you are more fortunate since there is a wider range of styles at your disposal. But if you have become a little heavy on the bust, waist and hips, then softer fabrics should be selected for dresses as well as sarees. For the evenings wear slightly daring garments and cholis but don't expose too much of your skin. Jewellery should be sober and matching the clothes you plan to wear.

Do not go in for too many jingling bangles or ear-rings and stay away from the "sultry siren look."

Hands and feet will give away your age even if you conceal it on your face and hair. Wrinkled, heavily veined hands and feet should be treated with regular creaming and massaging at night. A manicure and pedicure once a month will tone up the fingers and toes and keep them soft. Fingers nails should be kept well rounded, filed and painted to match the shade of your lipstick preferably.

Today's woman over 40 is lucky for it is the age of the older woman. The world's greatest beauties like Sophia Loren, Brigette Bardot and Shirley Maclaine, just to name a few, are all over 40 and they are just as glamorous as when they were 20. So why start worrying? And here's wishing you a Happy Fortieth Birthday!

Meher Castelino

DILIP KUMAR: more in demand than ever

Bunny Reuben

"SUDDENLY I FIND MYSELF CONFRONTED BY THE PROSPECT OF HAVING MORE WORK THAN I LIKE TO HANDLE..."

It was after years that I walked that morning of Tuesday, August 7 into the spacious old-world bungalow of my old friend Dilip Kumar.

It was much like before. The woods were woodier. The grass greener. The quiet quieter. Only one familiar face was around, Dilip's youngest sister, who greeted me like the long-lost friend I was.

But things had changed. The old-world bungalow on Pali Hill was now getting hemmed in from all sides by skyscrapers illustrating vividly that time, for better or for worse, was indeed marching on.

Dilip Kumar was there, dressed as always very informally in white as though he'd just come in from a few vigorous sets of badminton. But now, this was the month of Ramzan and the guy named Yousuf Khan was keeping all the thirty fasts.

Sitting chatting with him was the well-known architect Kadri, and Dilip, showing me my name jotted down in a diary he's apparently begun to keep, said: "Look, I've become conscientious these days. I remembered you were coming, and I put down your name here."

In a few moments he had finished his discussion with Kadri. Hustling me out of the drawing-room and grounds of the old house, he pushed me into his Mercedes and said: "Let's run away somewhere — like we used to do in the old days!"

Unfortunately, in the old days there wasn't any Otters Club round the corner. But now there was, and that's where we went. It was deserted. The ground around the pool was dug up and inside the pool there was only a single, bald-headed old man lazily crawling through the waters, up and down, up and down.

Calling for chairs, we both sat down, I over a cup of tea and he over love and fresh air (since he was fasting) and we got around to the meat and juice of this interview via the long road of nostalgia and remembering what we did together, went through together, experienced together, from twenty years ago till today.

It was the same Dilip Kumar; the same person who had told me twenty years ago those words which I'd never forgotten...

"Long ago, I determined to put all my honesty and love into my work. It paid, but not without taking its toll.

"Many people say many things about me, but nobody can say I have ever been insincere in my work. The fact of the matter is that I am still trying to grow up..."

From that flashback to this flashforward (a good two decades) how has Dilip Kumar's growth been in terms of this act of faith, this declaration of life made by him to me?

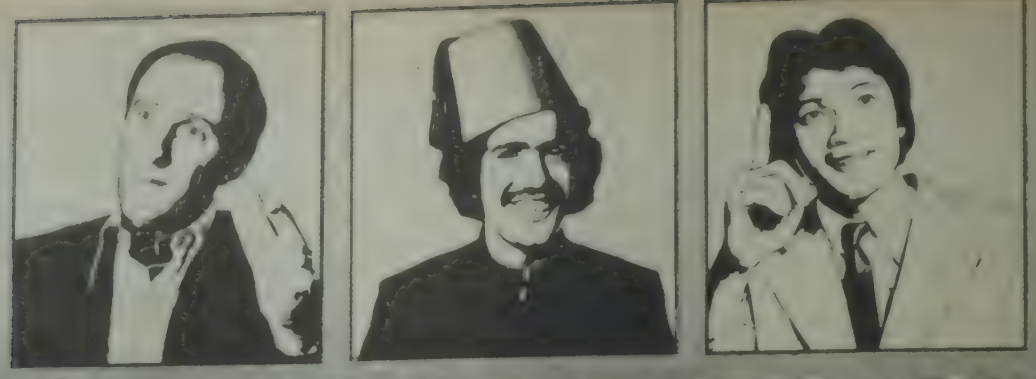
Completely faithful, I think. He has never veered from the path he chose, a path of life as well as a path of work removed from the rat-race, so that he has never — ever — allowed himself to get involved in running the races his colleagues or his juniors run, never attached any importance to the spoils of war they battle for, or for the prizes they covet and pluck at the cost of their youth, the fullness of their life and of their spiritual, mental and intellectual growth.

Take his work for example...

"I thought I'd be easing off my assignments," Dilip said in that leisurely way of his. "I've never done more than two pictures at a time, you know that. Now I have more than two!"

He smiled, then added: "Nevertheless, I manage to arrange them in such a way that only two will be actively on the floors. When

Photograph: Nath Gupta



From London to Cairo to Hongkong and all the way it's

TOPAZ TOPAZ TOPAZ

The fastest growing blade in the world.

A MALHOTRA QUALITY PRODUCT

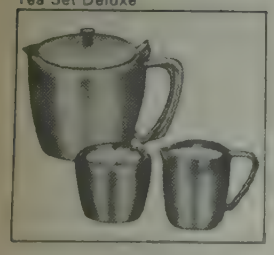
CONCEPT

Bless the bride
on her wedding day
with a Gift
she will always cherish

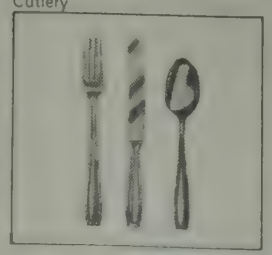
PEARL

Stainless Steel Tableware

Tea Set Deluxe



Cutlery



Lemonade Set

She will remember you for it every day of her wedded life. And thank you for your thoughtfulness in choosing something she cannot do without. So good in looks, so hygienic,

PEARL stainless steelware is so durable, so easily cleanable.

PEARL METAL WORKS
20 Wadi Bunder Road, Bombay 10.

Sign of good Service

Available at all leading stores.

PMW-28

Grey hair add years to your age –

Hide those years with

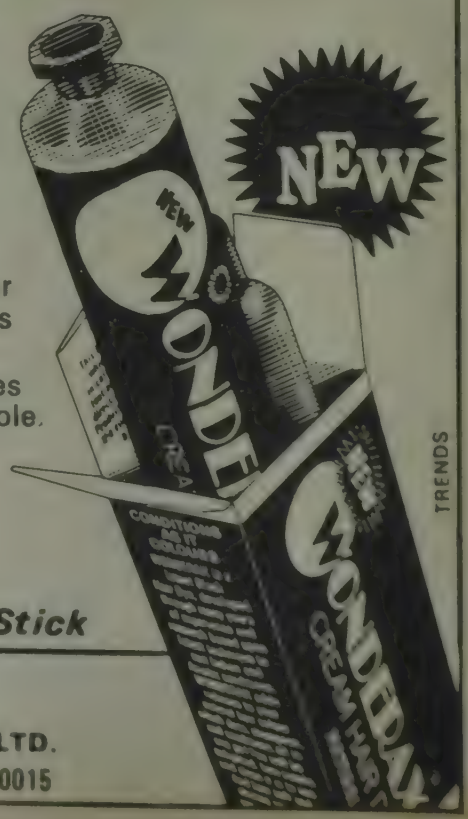
WONDERAX

CREAM HAIR-DYE

WONDERAX— the new cream hair-dye banishes grey hair easily, quickly. It's simpler dyeing hair with Wonderax. No mess—no stains— no odour. And it takes just 20 minutes. One application lasts for a couple of weeks. Wonderax cream hair- dye imparts a natural black colour to the hair—the colour that is fast to soap and shampoo. What's more, Wonderax leaves the hair so soft and manageable.

Nothing dyes better than WONDERAX— try it today.

Also available
WONDERAX Hair Dye Stick



Marketed by :
WONDERAX
LABORATORIES (INDIA) PVT. LTD.
G-Extn-11, Kirti Nagar, New Delhi-110015

TRENDS

one gets over, I start another. And so forth. . "

The two which are actively on the floors at the moment are Manoj Kumar's **"Kranti"** and Ramesh Sippy's **"Shakti".**

"Are you still the same old romantic lead in them?" I asked him, although I knew he wasn't — I just wanted to provoke him to speak for the record.

"No, not the romantic lead — but the lead," he replied. "All the roles I'm playing today are specific, clearly-etched characters. It would be ridiculous to sing songs and chase heroines round trees now. . ." then, eyes twinkling mischievously, he added — "at least in front of the cameras!

"In **'Kranti'** I'm the main protagonist in this story of revolutionaries. I play Manoj Kumar's father. . ." (and I remembered the words Manoj Kumar told me time and again early on, when he'd started shooting **"Kranti"** — "Dilip Saab is the real hero of my film") "while in **'Shaakti'** I'm a police officer, a stern old stickler for principles, and Amitabh Bachchan plays my son.

"These two pictures are actively in the making, more than substantially complete. Going immediately on the floors in the next few months is **'Chanakya Chandragupt'** which B.R. Chopra is directing. And in the script-stage there are at least two or three projects more in the offing, one of which Gulshan Rai will produce and Yash Chopra direct. There is another one too, which I will make with B.R. Chopra in one month at a stretch. That script also is complete."

"What were the reactions of the people to your get-up in **'Chanakya Chandragupt'?"** I asked.

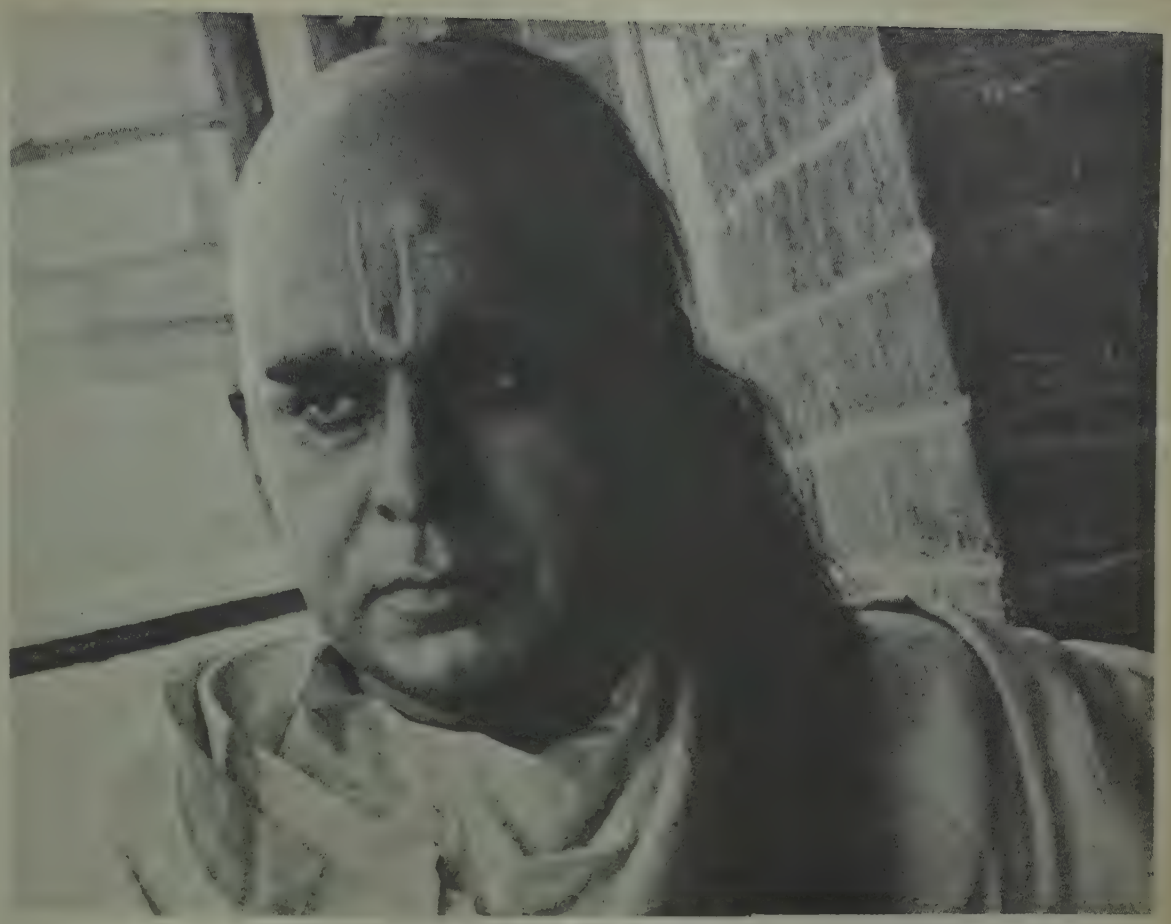
"I was a bit apprehensive," Dilip smiled. "But when 'Star & Style' and 'Screen' appeared with this bald-headed guy on the cover, I got plenty of phone-calls and letters, and everyone was very keen, happy and thought it looked good. It's an excellent starting-point, no doubt inspiring, but we will make further improvements on it.

"Did Mr. Chopra tell you that I have had detailed sittings on the script? I never go into any project, especially such an ambitious historical one, without total preparation."

I knew that of course. I asked him: "Don't you find you have an excess of offers at the moment?"

"Yes! That's the funniest part of life! Just when I was beginning to think I may taper off, I find myself confronted with the prospect of having more work than I like to handle!

"I'm not one of those johnnies who rush from one set to another, frantically trying to keep pace with my commitments. **I make very few commitments, because I like to live life fully, and after all, acting is only a part of my life. It's not the be all and end all. Acting is one of the ingredients of my life that contributes flavour and savour to its joy, to its fullness. It is not life itself. It never was."**



Dilip Kumar as Chanakya.

"What do you do otherwise?" I asked, again to make him speak.

"So many things! I am involved in many things which bring me in close contact with people from a wide cross-section of other walks of life. Not just film people. And I am constantly imbibing and learning from them. I find such contacts healthy and nourishing, and it helps to keep me fresh and young and smiling.

"I meet politicians and social workers, sportmen and architects, industrialists and economists, university professors and doctors. The list is endless. And I imbibe some thing from all these associations. They make my life fuller, more meaningful."

Somehow, at this stage, we got to talking about prayer and God and personal belief — both his and mine were, not surprisingly, identical — and then we got to talking about the current political situation at the Capital and the future of our nation.

"I am not one of those people who subscribe to the view that our nation is going to the dogs!" Dilip Kumar exclaimed vehemently. "On the contrary, I think that what we are going through is a crisis of character (or lack of character, for that matter). But it is bound to pass. A more healthy and dedicated calibre of politician is bound sooner or later to emerge. From the common men. From the people. **The people of our country are great. They have deep moral and spiritual reserves that enable them to take all this bullshitting in their stride.**

"And why? Because it is deeply ingrained in them, this conviction that they will last, but those who have abused and mishandled the nation will not last. I feel convinced — and here I speak as one of the common people of our country — that the time will come when India will be one of the great nations of the world."

I remembered Samuel Johnson's classic epigram about politics being the last refuge of the scoundrel and smiled to myself.

I always forget to glance at my watch when I'm with this remarkable person — otherwise it's become second nature with me to constantly keep on mental parade the subsequent appointments of my working day' And so the hours fled and time passed and we reminisced, looking not only backwards but forwards as well. There was still so much for both of us to do. . .

In between, the Interview had been talked out and done and almost by osmosis we both knew when to get up, go out to the car and drive away, he to his work and I to mine.

To conclude, I want to tell readers here what Kishore Sharma, the producer of **"Chanakya Chandragupt",** told me recently. It is an excellent Dilip Kumar anecdote, and serves as an admirable tailpiece to this article.

"I had been to visit Dilip Saab at his house one day," Kishore Sharma said. "And **there I found that Dr. Sriram Lagoo too had** come to meet him. They were talking — I think Dr. Lagoo had come to seek his blessings on entering Hindi films — and this is what Dilip Saab told him. . .

" 'Remember one thing,' Dilip Saab said. 'You and I and all of us — we are driving a bullock-cart and going to the market to sell our wares. We don't have much to sell in that bullock-cart. **So please drive slowly and sell slowly. If you drive too fast and sell off all your wares too rapidly, you'll find you have nothing left to sell for the rest of your journey. . .' "**

modicotton
The natural fabric!
Modicotton, with their direct access to the leading designers of Paris, Rome, London - the fashion capitals of the World - bring you the best trends in feminine taste. Hepatex their Swiss collaborators, lend to Modicotton the latest advances in fabric technology, while continuous Research and Development and rigorous quality control at every stage gives Modicotton - the ultimate perfection.

Processed in technical collaboration with HEPATEX, SWITZERLAND.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

AL'S GETTING UP A LITTLE POKER GAME TONIGHT - WOULD YOU MIND IF I WENT?
OF COURSE NOT, DEAR -
I THINK IT DOES YOU GOOD TO HAVE A NIGHT OUT NOW AND THEN!
MABEL WILL BE GLAD TO STAY WITH ME -
MAYBE WE'LL GO SHOPPING.... ALL THE STORES ARE OPEN AND I'VE GOT A MILLION THINGS I NEED TO BUY -
SO GET LUCKY AND WIN LOTS AND LOTS OF MONEY!
?
I'M SORRY, AL.... EMILY'S MAKING SUCH A SCENE I JUST CAN'T LEAVE HER ALONE TONIGHT!
2-26
© King Features Syndicate, Inc., 1978. World rights reserved.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

The witty Oliver Herford has defined a kiss as: "A course of procedure, cunningly devised, for the mutual stoppage of speech at a moment when words are superfluous."

* * *

Thackeray tells of an Irishwoman begging alms from him who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out :

"May the blessing of God follow you all your life." But when he only pulled out his snuff box, she immediately added, "And never overtake you."

* * *

The hostess had the additional problem of breaking in a new maid just before a big party. She cautioned, winding up with instructions about dress, "Don't wear any jewellery."

"I don't have any, ma'am," answered the maid. "But thanks for the warning."

The wife of the great physicist, Robert A. Millikan, happened to pass through the hall of her home in time to hear her maid answer the telephone. "Yes," Mrs. Millikan overheard, "this is where Dr. Millikan lives, but he's not the kind of doctor that does anybody any good."

* * *

A gentleman, having an appointment with another who was habitually unpunctual, to his great surprise found him waiting. He thus addressed him: "Why, I see you are here first at last. You were always behind before, but I'm glad to see you have become early of late."

* * *

Archbishop Ryan was once accosted on the streets of Baltimore by a man who knew the Archbishop's face but could not quite place it.

"Now, where in hell have I seen you?" he asked perplexedly.

"From where in hell do you come, sir?" asked Ryan.

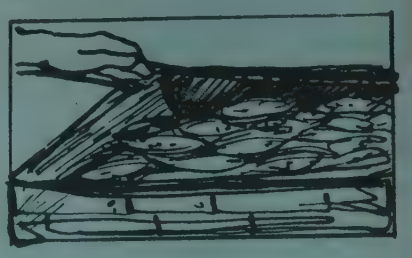
* * *

One of Dorothy Parker's more telling retorts was in answer to the snobbish young man who had been discoursing at some length at a party and had finally observed: "I simply can't bear fools."

"How odd," was Miss Parker's reply. "Apparently your mother could."

* * *

A peddlar with a handcart full of shrimps was ordered out of the way by a member



of Parliament, who was trying to park his car.

"Look out yourself," said the coster.

"Do you realise," demanded the other, "that I have an M.P. at the end of my name?"

"So has every blasted shrimp in this here cart."

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

CONSUMER AWARENESS

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

ARE YOU AWARE OF the quality mark?

Krishna Basrur

What does the I.S.I. mark mean to you as a consumer? Perhaps you have seen it on biscuit packets, instant coffee, razor blades, inks, electric switches, pressure stoves, paints, Bombay halwa and dozens of other items without much curiosity about its significance. Yet it is of great importance to consumers and should be widely known and recognised as a valuable buying aid.

What Is The I.S.I Mark?

It is not, as some consumers imagine, a brand name nor a trade mark. It is a quality mark, a sign to the consumer that the Indian Standard Institution, the national standards body, guarantees that the product conforms to the relevant Indian standard.

A look at the recently formulated Indian Standard for Safety Matches will illustrate what standards are. Matches conforming to the Standard will have to meet a number of minimum requirements regarding material, construction, safety and performance aspects. All of us have experienced the irritation caused by substandard matches which do not ignite or break, and boxes which get easily crushed, become damp and do not set fire to the match. The standard lays down important safety and performance requirements relating to ignition, burning quality, wearing strength of friction surface and damp-proofness.

The match-stick heads will have to get ignited by striking against the friction surface on the outside of the box only. They should not get spontaneously ignited below a temperature of 170°C. When struck with a hammer of 170 g. they should not get ignited. Two-thirds of the length of the stick shall burn smoothly when held horizontally in a draught free atmosphere. The number of heads which spurt out while burning 100 sticks should not be more than five under specified conditions. One friction side should be sufficient to ignite all the sticks under stipulated conditions and damp proofness should be a minimum of 60 per cent when tested according to the methods specified. No box shall have less than 45 sticks and the average of six boxes should be within 50±2.

Four licences have been granted to small scale match manufacturing units in Tamil Nadu who must manufacture matches under the quality control plan of the I.S.I. Certification Marks Scheme.

Multiplicity Of Standards

Indian Standards are thus seen to be documents laying down specifications for construction performance, safety, etc. for various products, in order to protect and satisfy the consumer. The consumer may be the man in the street, a Government department, a manufacturer or business firm, an overseas importer, any one at all.

There are standards to suit all needs — standards for domestic products, for industrial raw materials, accessories and tools, for hospital equipment, for special defence needs such as for a pressure stove capable of giving trouble free performance under all weather conditions and so on. In fact, standards may be required for the most curious things. The I.S.I. Bulletin (Dec. 1978) reports that the curator of the zoo at Jerusalem has enquired if there are any standards specifying the strength of the bars of the lions' cage or the space to be permitted to the beasts to exercise without allowing them to jump over the bars.

These standards are evolved by I.S.I. Committees of technologists, manufacturers, Government representatives and, increasingly, consumer representatives, by a process of investigation, testing, analysis, consultation with the concerned group, and final concensus. There were 4926 standards in force as on April 30, 1979 and over 900 products are available in the country carrying the I.S.I. mark. The technical committees which meet periodically to prepare or revise standards number 2114. These figures indicate the pace of standards making activity in the country.

How The Scheme Works

Once a standard has been formulated for a particular item, any manufacturer of that item who is able to attain the standard, may apply for a licence to use the I.S.I. certification mark on his product. After investigating his manufacturing process and testing his products I.S.I. will, if satisfied, regarding conformity to the standard, grant him a licence to use the certification mark on his product. Periodic checks are carried out by inspectors to ensure that samples in the market conform to the standard. If not satisfied that the manufacturer is maintaining the necessary quality, I.S.I. may suggest improvements or even cancel the licence if the product is not improved.

When a fraud is detected the erring manufacturer is prosecuted. The proprietor of a Madras firm, M/s. Chordia Enterprises, was recently fined Rs. 4000 or in default to undergo imprisonment for six months for having fraudulently marked 6000 pieces of starters for fluorescent tubes with the I.S.I. mark.

Manufacturer Too Benefits

The manufacturer benefits because of the quality control system introduced into his manufacturing process. He gets technical supervision from I.S.I. in maintaining the quality of his product. With better quality control, wastage and losses owing to substandard materials or products are curbed.

Organised purchasers like government departments, local bodies, public and private sector undertakings and overseas buyers give preference to I.S.I marked goods because the quality is guaranteed.

The manufacturer wins consumer confidence both within the country and overseas.

When introducing a new product the I.S.I. mark, by giving the consumer an assurance of quality, helps the manufacturer to face competition from established brands.

Organised purchasers and overseas buyers benefit from the scheme because they get pretested goods, thereby saving the time and money spent on inspection and testing. Free replacement in case of defects is guaranteed.

When a consumer buys a certified product he gets a guarantee of quality and safety from an independent national organisation which is fully competent to give such a guarantee.

The consumer gets guidance in making a wise and informed choice and can be confident that she is not wasting her money on a doubtful though attractive looking product.

If by some chance, the piece she purchases is defective, I.S.I. will investigate the complaint, guarantee replacement and, where necessary, take action against the manufacturer.

The recognition given to I.S.I. certified products not merely by government departments which may be expected to support a national body, but also by the private sector for its own requirements of raw materials, tools and equipment of the required quality, is proof of the substantial benefits standardisation confers. In the words of B.S. Krishnamachar, former Director-General, I.S.I., "The biggest argument in favour of standards is that they bring about order in place of disorder, simplification in place of complexity. Standards determined carefully after sifting the available data and information remain the best instruments to date for producing goods which the customer wants, at a price he is prepared to pay."

Compulsory Certification

Consumers therefore need to become standards minded and to cultivate the habit of looking for products with I.S.I. certification. The range of these is enormous and is widening daily. In addition to the certified products mentioned earlier, ceramic ware, sports goods, footwear, L.P.G. stoves, refrigerators, electrical goods, various foods and medical aids are among the host of items covered by I.S.I. certification.

I.S.I. certification is compulsory for some items. L.P.G. cylinders have to be mandatorily certified under the Gas Cylinder Rules 1940. Food colours and food colour preparations have to be certified under the Prevention of Food Adulteration (Amendment) Rules 1974. Compliance with Indian Standards is now obligatory for household electrical appliances and equipment though they need not bear the I.S.I. mark.

Cooking Appliances

Unfortunately, not all items which are potentially hazardous are covered by similar laws. The Consumer Guidance Society of India is pressing for mandatory certification of all cooking appliances, especially pressure stoves. It is not at all surprising that 41 per cent of all accidents in the home are associated with pressure stoves as their general quality appears to be very poor. Out of eleven brands of stoves tested by C.G.S.I., ten failed the safety tests laid down by the Indian standard. Mandatory certification for cooking appliances is essential if precious lives are to be saved and immense suffering prevented.

Other products which require to be guaranteed to be safe are indigenous cosmetics like bindi, kajal and surma which are manufactured in the unorganised sector and used very widely. Bindi has been known to cause persistent skin trouble. 13 out of the 14 samples of surma tested contained strikingly high percentages of hazardous lead sulphide which can cause severe lead poisoning.

Toys also need to be certified as safe from toxic paints or parts that can injure children. It is reassuring that I.S.I. has set up a Sectional Committee for Toys and is also formulating standards for indigenous cosmetics.

Unsatisfactory Aspects

Having observed the strong points of the I.S.I. certification scheme one has also to note certain weaknesses.

As adoption of an I.S.I. standard is optional except in a few cases where a special need has been felt for mandatory certification, we have a situation in which excellent standards exist but are rarely adopted. High powered technical committees meeting periodically may revise, perfect and polish a standard without a single manufacturer adopting it for products intended for general consumption.

The second weakness in the scheme relates to products which have been refused a licence by I.S.I. When a product, say, a stove, is tested for licensing and found to be not up to the standard or even seriously defective, the licence is refused, but the manufacturer is free to introduce the defective product into the market.

I.S.I.'s responsibility ends with refusal of the licence but the danger to innocent consumers continues. This is a serious lacuna in the scheme that must be ended. I.S.I. should take steps to ensure that unsafe products submitted for licensing are brought to the notice of the appropriate authority and are not permitted to be sold till the defects have been remedied.

Another weakness of the scheme is the shortage of inspectors in relation to the vast number of products that require to be checked. An army of inspectors would be required for the purpose. In view of this difficulty consumers can and should exercise constant vigil over the quality of I.S.I. marked goods that they use and convey to I.S.I. any shortcomings which they notice.

Consumer Participation

Liaison between I.S.I. and consumers needs considerable development. At present representation is given to a few active consumer groups on a handful of committees. Besides widening and strengthening such consumer representation, two way communication needs to be established between I.S.I. and consumers through the mass media.

Consumers need to be provided with information about new standards and proposals for standards for consumer products in simple non-technical language through the press. They need to be invited to send their comments and experience regarding the concerned products to the right quarters. Such data would be invaluable to I.S.I. This kind of give and take between I.S.I. and consumers would rapidly promote production of quality goods and consequently, you the consumer would get the protection you so badly need against substandard and hazardous products.

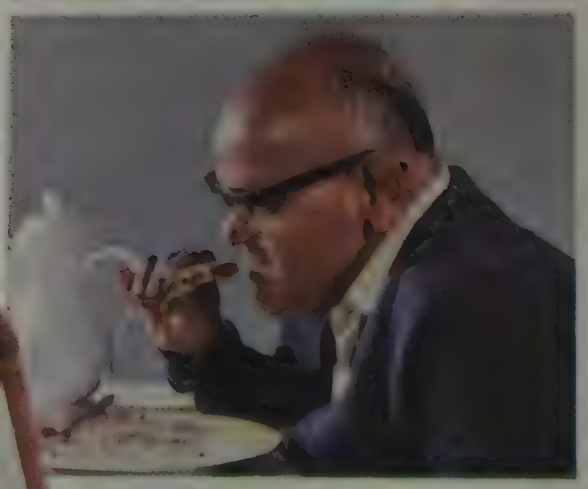
•Why were the innocent babes butchered?

•India's cricket captains speak of their teams.

MIRROR

September Issue tells you all about it!

the nicest things in life are sweet the sweetest things come from KISSAN



Things like Kissan jams. An irresistible range of fruit flavours to make a lot of things more enjoyable, more inviting. Want your family to enjoy what they eat? Try spreading some sweetness the Kissan way. Rich in vitamins and nutrients, brimming with energy. Only handpicked season fresh fruits give their goodness to Kissan jams. What a delectable way to start the day. Or continue it.

The Kissan Range
Mixed fruit, pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, mango, apple, apricot, Goldenmist orange marmalade and guava jelly.

Kissan

maa KPL 12A-78

SWIMMING IN THE SEA

TAKE THESE PRECAUTIONS TO PREVENT AN EXHILARATING EXPERIENCE ENDING IN A TRAGEDY

Most people who are used to swimming in rivers, ponds and swimming pools, are not aware of the dangers of swimming in the sea, and lives are lost needlessly.

Swimming in the sea is entirely different from swimming in a backyard pond, and here we give a few rules to make it safe.

1. Do not swim after consuming any heavy food or alcoholic drink. This rule must not be violated at any cost. People should not have a heavy breakfast or snacks and go swimming. This can be fatal; so rule No. 1, always swim on a light stomach.
2. Do not swim in a lonely area. Women who desire privacy and do not like to be seen in bathing costumes, often choose a remote place. This is not safe because if you are in trouble there is no one near by to help you.
3. Always try and swim where there is a lifeguard, or a fishermen's colony. You never know when help may be required.
4. Do not go out of your depth. If you do not know swimming, knee deep is the limit. If you can swim for short distances, waist high is OK. If you are a good swimmer, shoulder high is OK. Do not underestimate the power of the sea.
5. Always swim at high tide. Consult your newspaper. High tides and low tides are always given. If high tide is at 12 noon, the tide starts coming in at 11.30 a.m. and this is just the time to enter the sea. One can swim for one hour. The Indian calendar based on the lunar month gives a ready reckoner for high tides around Bombay.

Suppose it is full moon, then the high tide is ¾x15, i.e. from 11 hrs. 15 minutes, and so on. If it is the 12th day, high tide is at 9. a.m. and so on, but it is safest to consult the local paper.

To those who would like to plan a swim weeks in advance tide tables issued by the Surveyor-General and priced at Rs. 2/- are available from some book sellers, and they give high and low tide for the entire year, day by day.

Swimming at low tide is dangerous because of the undercurrents which may drag you away from the shore. In high tide you are thrown towards the shore.

6. When entering the sea, see that there is a way for you to walk back beyond the high tide mark. Never enter the sea near a wall, or keep your belongings and clothes on a nearby island. This is because the sea level rises at high tide, and many times a high wall may cut off your retreat to land and an island may be submerged under the sea.

To take a concrete example, on January 30, 1979 the tide rose to over five metres at 1 a.m. Everything at sea level earlier is, therefore, completely under water. Cars parked too near the sea can actually be washed away, or get covered by water. If the car gets stuck in the sand, do not panic. All persons should get out except the driver and push the car back. Remove all floor mats, and keep them so the rear wheels go over them. It is advisable to take out the car in reverse, hence keep the mats at the rear of the rear tyres and let in the clutch very gently. In case floor mats are not available, get palm leaves, wooden planks, any thing that will be more solid than sand. Do not race the tyres or else they will dig in deeper and the situation will get worse. Pushing, floor mats, etc. and gently releasing the clutch will get the car out of the sand, and once it comes out and starts moving, do not stop, but keep on till you reach dry land.

HOW TO SWIM

Change to a costume. Sarees, trousers, etc. will absorb water and weigh you down. Synthetic fibre costumes are the best. Apply cold cream or any other suitable cream on face and shoulders.

Those who can swim, can go chest high in the water. Every fourth or fifth breaker or wave which comes is a large one, and this wave crest rolls over itself. Stand in the water, facing the shore. Look over your shoulder for the big wave. Just before it strikes you take a deep breath. Join your palms together and when the wave hits you, dive in along with the wave. You will be carried along with this wave crest to the shore in a horizontal position. When your feet touch bottom, get up, and go back into the sea for the next large wave. This surf riding is the most pleasant part of the swim, and as this requires very little exertion, one can do it for an hour or more.

Stop swimming when your fingers get ridges, for the next stage is cramps in legs or arms. Quit before this happens.

One danger in swimming in the sea when monsoon is approaching is the appearance of blue bottles or Portuguese man of war jelly fish. These have tentacles like threads and are poisonous. The poison can be very irritating, and in some cases may hospitalise a swimmer. If there is a notice displayed about such jelly fish do not venture into the sea.

Finally, it is always good to have someone around who knows how to give artificial respiration. Armed with all this know-how, swim safely and enjoy it.

Good swimming to you!

V. V. Merchant

BOOK REVIEW

100 EASY-TO-MAKE DISHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS by Nirmala Malhotra. Published by Vikas Publishing House Pvt., Ltd. Price: Rs. 7.

Busy women with a job and family will surely welcome this precious book with recipes that are easy as well as elegant. The book covers an entire range of recipes for all occasions — from formal to quick snacks for the family. The author has made marvellous use of leftovers in practically all her dishes.

100 EASY-TO-MAKE GUJARATI DISHES by Veena Shroff and Vanmala Desai. Published by Vikas Publishing House Pvt., Ltd. Price Rs. 7.50p.

The authors in this book have put in considerable efforts and culled a number of recipes, typical of the Gujarati cuisine — best known for its variety of dishes and the great delicacy of its flavour. Recipes throughout have a typical and traditional touch and no attempt has been made to experiment with the dishes either to save labour or to add flavour. The plus point of the book is the glossary of terms in nine languages — a boon to many a housewife.

VEGETARIAN COOKING DELIGHTS by Sushila Subodh. Published by Rajit Subodh Shah, Star Traders, C/o Subodh Mangaldas, Ahmedabad. Price : Rs. 50/-

The author has presented each recipe in a way that makes vegetarian cooking simple, fun and practical even for beginners. Recipes are classified into sections and each section carries a number of well laid out colour pictures which make both reading and cooking pleasant throughout. Excellent results can be obtained from each recipe as the ingredients and instructions are precise and to the point.

THE AMUL CHEESE BOOK. Published by Gujarat Cooperative Milk Marketing Federation Ltd., Anand.

A complete guide to cheese cooking — A book dedicated to women who love cooking and are looking for new recipes to try. The recipes have an original touch and have a delectable mixing of Indian and Western cuisine. Also included in the book is some useful information on cheese cooking, storage of cheese, a glossary of terms, a table of measures and oven temperature chart which is normally not included in other recipe books.

R.B.

TRUE CONFESSION

NO MORE MARRIAGE FOR ME

From the first moment I set foot in it I hated the house. I had this peculiar feeling of dread, I cannot explain it. We had had a tiresome train journey of two days in a sickening compartment stuffed with humanity and then we'd driven for hours in a rattling bus till every bone in my body seemed broken. Now we came upon this depressing bungalow with broken window panes patched over with paper, peeling paint and cobweb covered doors.

"Where have you brought me?" I asked. I could not understand why we had travelled so tediously to reach this monstrosity.

Manek touched my hand and I squirmed at its coldness. It was almost as if something from a cold tomb had crawled up and made its inhuman contact with my body.

"What's the matter, Kalpana?" he asked me in surprise. "Why are you so jumpy?"

"Please, Manek," I pleaded. "Let's not stay here. Not a moment more. Let's go away."

"No," he protested. "We have travelled all the way to reach our destination. We can't go back now."

"I hate this place," I cried.

"I was born here," he said, stung to the quick. "And you will have to stay here whether you like it or not, because you are married to me."

I remembered the wedding as if in a dream. They had come to my parents' house in a noisy barat. I had scarcely seen his face on account of the flowers. My body had been cold with fear and sweat and I had wept tears of bitterness when I left my childhood surroundings. Not crocodile ones that young brides normally shed, just to hide their secret feelings of exhilaration. I had cried from sorrow because I was frightened from the very beginning of this marriage.

I was doing my final B.A. when mother came home one evening from the bazaar very excited about something. I didn't know what it was till late at night. Even then she didn't discuss it with me. She told father about it when she thought I had fallen asleep. But I had lain awake on purpose because I could make out from her shining eyes that it was an event of momentous significance for the family.

Mother said to father, "I have got a proposal for Kalpana."

"Who is it?" asked my father, always wary. He was always suspicious of any match proposed for me because he was constantly being reminded in a thousand ways of my inadequacy. In my walk, in the way I needed help to climb stairs or cross the road. Yes. I was a cripple, a victim of polio which had struck so very early in childhood that I remembered little of it. I only knew the humiliation of facing my friends who were embued with life and normality and my own stumbling, self-conscious efforts to keep up with them.

Now I got out of bed, almost stumbling in my haste and went into their room without knocking. I switched on the light. They had been talking in the dark, no doubt afraid of waking me. They baulked at my presence.

"What is it, Kalpana?" asked my mother.

"Come here, child," said father. "What mother has been telling me concerns you, too."

"I know," I said. "I heard everything."

"Oh Kalpana," cried my mother getting up and coming to me with outstretched hands. "We will be so happy to see you married and settled down."

"Why?" I asked. "Am I a burden to you?"

"Oh darling," she said. "You know that is not what I meant. Why do you always feel so inferior?"

"What am I supposed to feel? Superior?"

Father didn't say anything. He is always non-committal when mother and I argue, maybe because he is afraid of taking sides. He doesn't know which way he should veer, because I am his daughter and she is his wife.

He married her when my own mother died ten years ago.

"I will not marry anyone," I cried. "Please don't force me."

"But why?" she asked. "There's nothing wrong with marriage. It is perfectly normal

and healthy for a young girl to marry and have children."

"But I am not normal," I reminded her "And it is not a healthy sign when some man expresses his desire to marry me."

"Why not?"

"Can't he get a normal girl that he should settle for a cripple? There are only two reasons why this match has been proposed. Either they don't know about my physical disability or there is something wrong with the boy himself."

"Kalpana!" she cried incensed.

"Yes. Don't tell me anybody in his right senses would go around proposing to a crippled girl unless he had a very good reason for doing so."

It transpired that the proposed bridegroom had been married before. When I heard of it. I was more frightened than ever. There seemed to be some mystery surrounding the death of his first wife and some even whispered that he had done her in. My stepmother refused to listen to these rumours.

"Is it possible," she asked, "in this day and age? Wouldn't the police have taken him away and hanged him?"

My father was inclined to agree with her.

"Listen Kalpana," he soothed. "Try to be reasonable. We may not get such a good match again. The boy is smart and he has a good job. Maybe he was married before, but that does not lessen his value. Remember that I married a second time and am perfectly happy. So I really don't see why you should be otherwise."

Finally I had to give in. Manek was a doctor in Jaisalmer. He said he had his own house and property and they were impressed. He had no parents. He had been brought up by an old uncle who had educated him, waited till he set up practice and then gone abroad. He didn't come for the wedding which made me disbelieve the story entirely. Maybe he had no one of his own. Maybe he was a scoundrel who wanted to take advantage of an unsuspecting girl. We didn't know anything at all about Manek except what he told us himself. He showed us some photographs of himself and his family as a child. They seemed well-to-do and had a car and a fabulously furnished house. At least that was how it appeared from the photographs. But they could well be faked, too. In fact, nothing about the man appeared genuine.

We had the wedding on a relatively small scale. There was a barat of sorts, and some men, women and children did come along to make the marriage party complete. But they were an odd assortment of his friends who, I felt, only came along for a good feed and had scant connection with Manek.

When the time came for me to go with Manek to Jaisalmer, I clung to father and wept as if my heart would break. I didn't want to go at all. I was terrified. Perhaps he understood my anxiety, because he whispered in my ear, "Kalpana, darling. You needn't go if you don't want to."

But it was too late.

Which father can keep a daughter at home after he had ceremoniously given her away at a religious ceremony?

Now standing before the tumbledown house beside my strange new husband, panic seized me again. If anything happened I couldn't even run fast because I was a cripple.

"Kalpana," he said softly in an entirely different tone of voice than the one I had been used to so far in my parental house. "You're not afraid of me, are you?"

"No," I said, but I cringed from his touch. I had grown up in a sheltered home and my father was the only male I knew. Now I would have to live with a man I didn't know at all.

WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO MARRY A HELPLESS CRIPPLE? I DISCOVERED THE TRAGIC ANSWER TO THAT ON OUR VERY FIRST NIGHT IN OUR NEW HOME

"You will be happy here, Kalpana." he said. "We will do up the house and make it habitable and have a family we can love."

I shuddered.

A man came into the compound and touched his forehead. He had a broom in his hand.

"Salaam, Sahib," he said.

"Salaam Hiralal. This is your new memsahib." The man touched his forehead again but his eyes were moist for some reason.

"I will clean up the place," he said quickly. "I didn't know you were arriving today."

Manek had sent a telegram. It arrived when we were having dinner that night, a simple repast of rotis and brinjal curry which Hiralal cooked. Manek laughed when he received it.

I joined in, too. For the first time since I had met him, there was between us an easy familiarity which didn't have overtones of mistrust. It came from being together in a cramped train compartment for two whole days and nights, when peoples' presence held any physical intimacy at bay, of travelling in a rattling bus which threw our bodies in close and exciting proximity, yet kept any hint of sex at a discreet distance. Now I felt a sudden heat that I didn't even know I possessed.

Perhaps he felt it too, because he asked Hiralal to leave the clearing up for the morrow because we were both tired.

The old servant left and there came a sudden silence between us that sprang from mutual embarrassment.

"Kalpana," he said softly. "You want to know why I married you, don't you?"

I didn't reply.

"My first wife committed suicide," he said. "You know that don't you?"

"No."

"Right here," he said. "In this house."

Again I felt that chill dread.

"I didn't kill her," he said. "You must believe me. In spite of what people say. She was not normal. She had these bouts of depression. She was beset by them after her child died."

"I didn't know you had a child," I said.

"Yes," he said slowly. "We had a child." Then he burst into tears. I was alarmed. He's mad, I thought to myself. I will have to spend my life with a lunatic. What have my parents plunged me into? I wanted to get up and run out of the house, but my legs could not carry me fast or far.

Suddenly he seemed convulsed with a peculiar spasm and he lay stiff and contorted on the floor. I got out of my chair laboriously, trembling all the while I limped to the door and called out to Hiralal to hurry.

He came at a run, seeming to know instinctively what was wrong. He knelt on the floor where Manek had fallen and mechanically loosened his collar and belt, going through a familiar drill. I watched him, wondering at his calm acceptance of the situation. He brought some water in a glass and held it to Manek's lips and wiped the froth off his mouth. Manek sat up and was suddenly embarrassed.

He got up and stumbled to the bathroom Hiralal said to me, "Did you know he was a victim of epileptic fits?"

"No," I said.

Now I knew why he had married me. "He was driving on a national highway when he got it once," he reminisced. "That's what killed his first wife on the spot. He has never been able to forgive himself for it. People say it has done something to his mind. Why did you marry him?"

"Is it true he is a doctor? Is it true he had a child?"

"Both are figments of his imagination," he said. "He has this house left to him by his parents. A few acres of land. That is all. For the rest I look after him."

I left for my father's house the same day. It was Hiralal who put me on the bus. Manek did not try to stop me. But when the bus started I wept. I knew I would spend the rest of my life alone. I wouldn't risk another marriage. Not after this marital disaster.

Happy bathday to you !

Hindustan Sanitaryware
Soma Metal Fittings
Somany-Pilkington's Wall Tiles

Hindustan Sanitaryware come in exciting colours. Soma Metal Fittings with international precision. Assures no-leak, no-drip service.
Elegantly styled. Guaranteed for 5 years.
Somany-Pilkington's Wall Tiles—
in enchanting designs and colours.
Easy to clean.

VITREOUS
®HINDUSTAN SANITARYWARE & INDUSTRIES LIMITED
Makers of India's largest selling, largest exported bathroom equipment

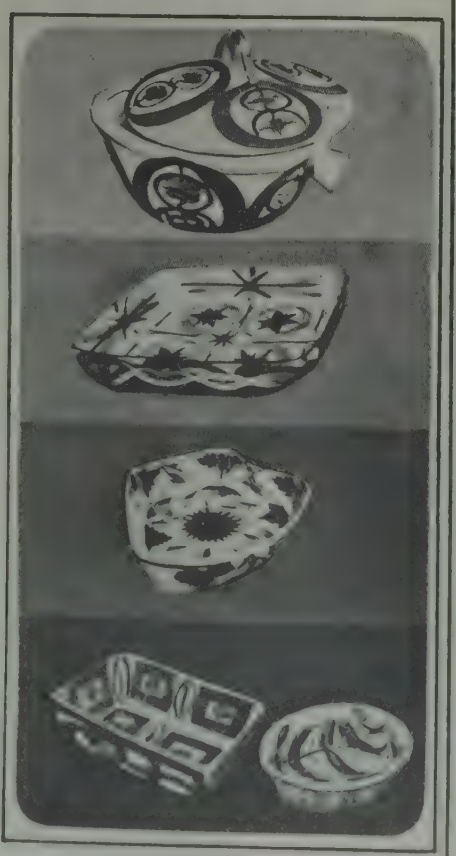
®Soma Plumbing Fixtures Limited
A wholly owned subsidiary of Hindustan Sanitaryware

®SOMANY-PILKINGTON'S LIMITED

2, Red Cross Place, Calcutta-700 001

794

domit
OVENWARE



BAKING DISHES ARE A BOON TO THE MODERN HOUSE WIFE. TIME SAVING, HYGIENIC, EASY TO CLEAN, AND AN ORNAMENT TO THE MODERN KITCHEN. DIFFERENT SIZES ARE AVAILABLE TO SUIT EVERY BODY'S PURSE.

Rajaniklal

32, Park Mansions,
Park Street, Calcutta-16.
Phone : 24-8253

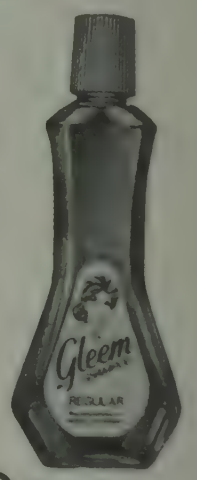
maa

Minna De Souza of Chiron Beauty Parlour, Centaur Hotel, Bombay says:

G-51A

'No more wondering which shampoo to use for different hair types! Gleem has just the variety for each customer's hair!

NOW also in a convenient 60 ml size



Each Gleem variety complements your kind of hair with its special ingredients, rich lather, lingering French perfume and long-lasting economy.

Gleem	Gleem	Gleem
Regular	Egg	Tonic

Gleem SHAMPOO

recommended by leading hairdressers

Geoffrey Manners & Co. Ltd.

TEEN TALK

(These definitions are given in an attempt to help parents understand what their teenage children are talking about)

Trendy (fashionable)

Mod (modern)

In (in tune with the times)

With it (ditto)

Sick (sickening)

Way out (crazy)

Flipped (took a romantic liking to)

Pad (home)

Zapped (drunk)

Stoned (drunk)

Squished (drunk)

Cool it (take it easy)

Screw off (get lost)

Loaded (rich)

Bread (money)

Loot (money)

Dinero (money)

Greenstuff (money)

Fast mover (romantically very active)

Chick (girl)

Bird (girl)

Square (old-fashioned)

Avoid (don't do it)

Creep (unpleasant person)

Wierdo (person with very strange ideas)

You're telling me (I know what you're saying is right)

Fab (fabulous)

Mad (angry)

Over the hill (past the age of sexual activity)

Drag (person who is a wet blanket)

George T. Fegradoe

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

POONAM: Mrs. Shatrughan Sinha?

Shatrughan Sinha came back from his Pakistan visit with some fifty new Rakhi bahens. Naturally, as he had taken "constant companion" Poonam with him and they had travelled as Mr. & Mrs. Sinha. In fact, Poonam's telephonic conversation with Pakistan Airways office begins and ends with "This is Mrs. Shatrughan Sinha speaking." Shatru has made no one jealous, except Manoj who must be wondering why he missed the opportunity of Bhaidooj. (He had been in Pakistan during Diwali.) But Vyjayantimala is the smartest, she tied a rakhi to Bal Thackarey, and it was not even Rakhibandhan day or month. An off season Rakhi, rather a diplomatic tie.

And Kalyanji-Anandji never visit whore houses except on Rakhi day. On that day they carry some five thousand rupees in 50 envelopes containing Rs. 100 each and some fifty rakhies and tell the prostitutes to tie the rakhies and give them hundred rupees each. They are just the types whom every working girl, be her profession stardom, journalism or prostitution, likes as brothers. They are mild, harmless, willing but not daring.

For once Malika Sarabai has teamed up with a man who is not rich, nor intelligent. He is good old Kiran Kumar, one time favourite of Yogita, or was it Rekha? I forget. That is all that Malika can manage in films, rather regional rilms. Kiran and Malika are co-starred in many Gujarati movies.

Yogita Bali has got rid of all Kishore Kumar's photos, also the wall to wall ones of foreign stars. She has put aside her fancy for an American lover and has settled for Mithun Chakraborty of the Malbari coconut seller looks. She has her bedroom littered with Mithun's snaps. Freshly divorced bachelor Mithun's quarters still retain the doggy look. He has ordered special portraits of his four Alsatians.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

As part of its Diamond jubilee programme, the Maharashtra State Women's Council arranged a symposium at Port Trust Conference Hall on "Resources to satisfy the needs of the Child In developing countries with specific reference to India." Eminent speakers spoke on the occasion.

* * *

The Time and Talents Club Concerts Committee will present a piano performance by Yitkin Seow on 4th September at the Homi Bhabha auditorium. A student of the Menuhin school, Yitkin Seow is the recipient of many prizes and scholarships for music, and the winner of the B.B.C. Piano Competition for 1974-75.

* * *

The Cathedral School Parents Teachers Association held an extraordinary general body meeting at the Birla Matushri Sabhaghar, to bid farewell to Mr. K. Kuruvilla Jacob, Principal of the school for the last 10 years. Mrs. Asha Shankardass, Chairman of the CSPTA presented the Scroll of Honour to Mr. Jacob. Justice Mrs. Sujata Manohar presided over the function.

* * *

Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit was elected President of the Balkan-ji-Bari International, an organisation for child and youth welfare of the world. Col. B.H. Zaidi, Mrs. Sibylle Ernsing from Germany, Mr. Dave Madle from New Zealand and Mrs. T.H. Gajria from Japan are the Vice-Presidents. Dada Shewak is executive Director, Miss Nota Panteleaki from Greece is Secretary General; Mr. S. Sitaraman and Mrs. Ethel B. Medioros are Additional Secretaries and Mr. Ram Kisani is Treasurer.

Dr. Sheila Motwani, Mr. Charles Induni from Switzerland, Mrs. Nelly Kerber from Austria, Mr. C. Canakiah from Mauritius, Miss Murielle E. Otter from U.K., Mr. Ratilal M. Nanavati, Miss Anna. R. Maskel from U.S.A., Mr. Harendra Nath Roy, Mrs. Vidya Shewak, Mr. G.D. Chandwani, Mrs. Perin J. Avari, Mr. Pravin Shah, and S.H.A. Jaffri are Promoters for the current year.

* * *

An exhibition of children's books will be held on 2nd September between 11 a.m. and 8 p.m. at the Don Bosco School, Matunga. Admission is free. For the first time thousands of children's titles published both here and abroad will be on display and sale to the public.

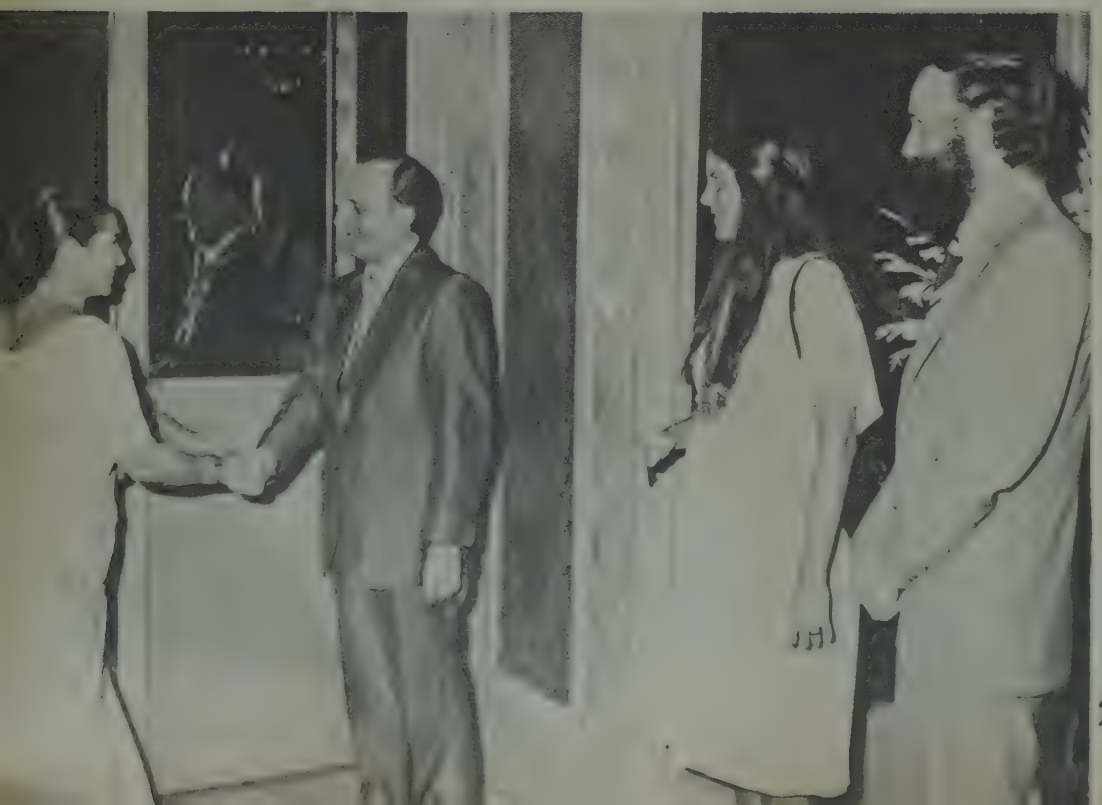
The exhibition will be inaugurated by Mrs. Nargis Dutt and the chief guest will be Mr. Harendranath Chattopadhyaya. Prominent authors of children's books will also be present on the occasion.

A magic show has been arranged for the children between 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. On 3rd and 4th September, the exhibition will be opened from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. for the benefit of school children. The entire profits of the exhibition will be donated to the spastics society.

* * *

A Tourist Guide Training Course will be conducted by the Government of India Tourist Office, Bombay. Only graduates between the ages of 20 and 35 are eligible. Persons speaking

1



2

3

1. At the annual meeting of the Lions Club of East Bandra are seen (from left) Mr. Paniker, Mr. Rajgopalan, Mr. M.T. Karnani, Mr. M.M. Masand, Mrs. J. Masand, Mr. M.S. Kasbekar, Police Commissioner, Greater Bombay; Mr. A. Charandas, Mrs. N. Hinduja, Mr. S.T. Gursahani, Mr. N. T. Jotwani, Mr. A. J. Gursahani, and Mr. M. G. Rohra.

2. At a reception given by Mr. Jean-Francois Roux on the occasion of the French National Day at Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, are seen (from left) Mr. B.C. Cariappa Chairman Bombay Port Trust; Mrs. B.C. Cariappa; Mr. J.F. Roux; Mrs. De al Chevalerie, and Mr. De al Chevalerie, Attache for Press and Information.

3. Mrs. A. Shankardass, Chairman of Cathedral School Parents Teachers Association presents the Scroll of Honour to Mr. K. Kuruvilla Jacob at a general body meeting held by the CSPTA in Bombay.

4. At a luncheon party hosted by Major Gen. B.K. Mehta, AVSM, G.O.C. Mountain Div. at Aizawal, (Mizoram) to felicitate Lt. Gen. E. A. Vas, PVSM G.O.C. in-C, Eastern Command are seen (from left) Mr. N. P. Mathur, Lt. Gov. Mizoram; Mrs. Z. Vankunga; Mrs. T. Sailo; G.O.C. Lt. Gen. E. A. Vas; Mr. A. G. Kundan, chief sec; a guest Brig. Vankunga (Rtd); and Maj Gen. B. K. Mehta.

foreign languages are particularly welcome. Those in part-time or full time employment need not apply. Application forms may be collected from the Govt. of India Tourist Office, 123, M. Karve Rd., Bombay-400 020. The revised date for receipt of applications is 5th September 1979.

CALCUTTA

The International Calendar Society held an exhibition of a hundred calendars from all over the world, at the Academy of Fine Arts. Reproductions of famous art works, animal and plant life and industrial development, in colour and black and white prints were displayed.

* * *

Under the rehabilitation programme undertaken by Lions' Clubs, the 100th tubewell was inaugurated by Mr. R. N. Lakhotia, Dist. Governor, Lions International of District 322B at Diamond Harbour.

One of the few gifted women tabla-players of today, Aban Mistry gave a long awaited tabla recital at the Ajmera Hall. The concert was sponsored by the Shravani Music Circle. Aban Mistry showed remarkable command over the tabla and her repertoire of ragas ranged from the exotic to the unusual rendered with verve and vigour. She was a student of the late Ustad Ameer Hussain Khan. She has also learnt sitar and classical songs under the guidance of Pandit Keki N. Jijina, who was present on this occasion and accompanied her on the harmonium in the concluding session.

MADRAS

It was a memorable occasion for the Madras and Coromandel Jaycees when they had the opportunity to receive the World President of the Jaycees, Jce. Kumar P. Gera, in their midst at the Hotel Chola Sheraton. The gathering and the President, were welcomed by Jce. K. Ramasubramaniam, President, Coromandel Jaycees, while Jce. Vimalchand Galada introduced the President. In a very inspiring address to his fellow Jaycees, Jce. Kumar Gera discussed the problems of children, especially in the context of the International Children's Year. He also inducted a few new Jaycees.

* * *

The Madhurima Arts, an organisation of young social workers sponsored a programme of music, "Sing '79" at the Kalivanar Arangam, in aid of the School for Blind Children. The proceeds were donated to the school. Music was provided by popular singer, Jolly Abraham who was accompanied by his cousin, Jency, and singer, Shirin. Their songs from Tamil, Hindi and Malayalam films were appreciated by the audience.

JULLUNDER

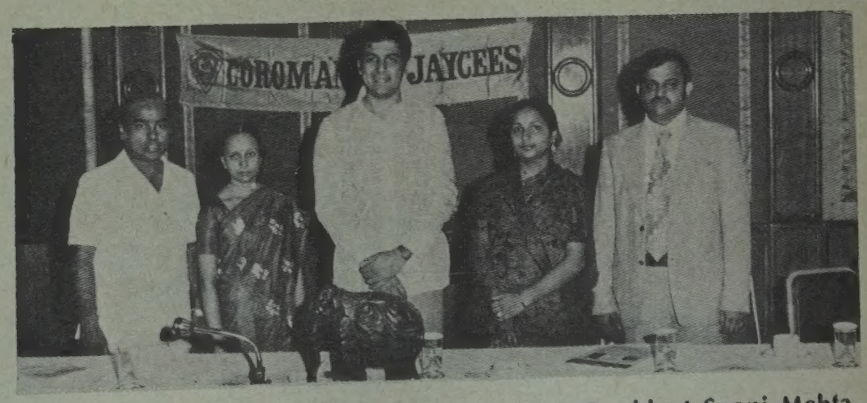
The F.C.S. Club, Jullundur, under the patronage of M/s. F. C. Sondhi & Co., the famous exporter of sports goods, has adopted a 7-year old promising football player, Gurbachan Singh 'Bagga' as part of the celebration of the International Year of the Child. The boy who impressed the Club Secretary Mr. R.K.S. Dhawan with his immaculate display, recommended his name to the firm for adoption. Gurbachan Singh is a student of the second standard of the local Government Girls High School.

The club will provide him footballs, kit and diet money as long as he shows promise and interest in the game. Gurbachan is the son of Mr. Des Raj of the Press Information Bureau at Jullundur.

4

6

5



7

5. Mrs. Kusum Kapoor, wife of Mr. R.P. Kapoor, Commissioner of Raipur, speaking at the Founders Day celebration of Bhilai Mahila Samaj, Bhilai.

6. At the installation ceremony of the Inner Wheel Club of Bombay at Hotel President are seen (from left) Meera Mehta, Anita Parikh, Aloo Lilaunwala Dist 314 Chairman Veena Gandhi, Club President Sooni Mehta, Zarina Kajiji, Kanta Anand, Juliet De Sa Souza and Rita Malkani.

7. At the Jaycees' meeting in Hotel Chola Sheraton, Madras, are seen (from left) Jce. K. Ramasubramaniam, Mrs. M. Ramasubramaniam; Jce. Kumar P. Gera, World President of Jaycees; Mrs. A. Jatia and Jce. V. Galada.

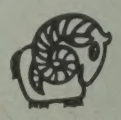
THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK SEP. 2 — SEP. 8
John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A crowded year — but a very lucky one. That is, if you seize chances which will come your way. Friendships will have a helpful role to play, particularly people of influence who will be inclined to "take to you." Venus is strong in your birthday chart and indicates a romantic trend in your affairs; if single there will be many chances to find happiness. Your personality will be a great asset. Be sure to put the emphasis on the friendly approach as well as your usual conscientious work. Theere will still be some family problems to work out, but these should be resolved by your 1980 birthday. There will be much less anxiety — or irritation — over elderly people soon.

ARIES



(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

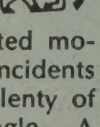
Helpful accent on home and working life. However, you will shortly enter a rather too busy phase you'll be running around, working hard, without much support from others. Sort out your priorities now and get organised.

TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)

There is indication of some unexpected money coming in. Several cheering incidents this week, plus some happy news, plenty of invitations, promising meetings if single. A new friend will affect your ideas and outlook helpfully.

GEMINI



(May 22 — June 21)

If heart-free, communicate and a new relationship can begin any time from now. You will be enthusiastic about tasks on hand, plans in mind, but don't neglect the practical issues of life. Friendly contacts will benefit you.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

You are in an eventful period of life, with Mars in your sign for most of September. Changes work out well for you. This week, anything is possible if you use opportunities. There is luck in travel and other forms of communication.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)

Mercury moves out of your sign and life will be more relaxed. However, this star will have speeded up your activities during past weeks, and adjustments you have made will work in your favour. A good week for health matters.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Several stars in your sign are helping you and fortunate influences will soon affect you. Do not cling to old ideas, methods and loyalties that have outrun themselves. A period of achievement for several months.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

A splendid time for changes,. Be adaptable if an arrangement has to be altered in a hurry. A lively and amusing week with some attractive meetings.

SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Home and family affairs are always your prime concern. This will especially apply this week. In fact, you could wish that you were not so available! Make time for social activities, contacts will prove fruiful in the months ahead.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

Prospects have improved for you recently. Yet, life might seem rather dull at present because of all work and no play, but there is no need for this. Make social scene and form new links.

CAPRICORN

(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

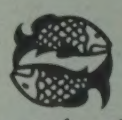
Planetary transits are making life rather difficult. An exciting involvement is indicated, but this may not work out well for you until around Christmas. Current irritations will clear as this month ends.

AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Things are improving for you. Aquarians have had a rough time for more than two years and it may not be for another month or two that you see your way ahead clearly. Until then, do your best to keep everything in order.

PISCES



(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Planets in opposition could bring a confused atmosphere, too much running around, a lot of inconvenient changes. People, generally, will be demanding. Dont't take anyone for granted — and watch your spending.

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT FLOWERS

Flowers are restful to look at. They are neither emotions nor conflicts.

Sigmund Freud

Habits and customs differ, but all people have the love of flowers in common.

Chinese proverb

A flower will often reclaim a mood when nothing else will bring it back.

Dion Calthrop

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Thomas Gray

You may break, you may shatter
The vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses
Will hang around it still.

Thomas Moore

Any nose may ravage with impunity a rose.

Robert Browning

It is a Chinese saying that a country where flowers are priced so as to make them a luxury has yet to learn the first principles of civilisation.

Rumer Godden

Earth laughs in flowers.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Break not the rose; its fragrance and beauty are surely sufficient;
Resting contented with these, never a thorn shall you feel.

John Hay

The Heart that planned a rose cannot be unfriendly or callous, let alone hostile.

Leslie D. Weatherhead

'Tis my faith that every flower,
Enjoys the air it breathes.

William Wordsworth

You buy some flowers for your table;
You tend them tenderly as you're able;
You fetch them water from hither and thither —
What thanks do you get for it all?
They wither.

Samuel Hoffenstein

I never thought so soothing an antiseptic could be so powerful.

® ICI Savlon

kills more germs – more kinds of germs – more effectively.

When your child has a cut, burn or abrasion, protect her with today's most effective antiseptic—Savlon. Because Savlon destroys germs which others don't touch. Savlon kills the dangerous Gram-positive type of germs and even the resistant Gram-negative germs, thus preventing sepsis and disease. Change for the better. Change to Savlon. Gentle, soothing and powerful Savlon.

Today's most advanced antiseptic

CAS ACCI 2 B 79

® Registered Trade Mark of Imperial Chemical Industries U. K. Licensed Users: The Alkali and Chemical Corporation of India Limited.

INTRODUCING

A CLEAR RADIANT SKIN
HAT IS REALLY HEALTHY

PRESENTING

AFGHAN

ANTISEPTIC CREAM

A non-greasy, non-sticky cream like Afghan Snow with added medicated action. Regular use keeps the skin fair, smooth and healthy. Ideal for after shave use.

The complete way to care for your skin

S.S. Patanwala

AMC/1